Love's a Jeſt.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

New Theatre

In *Little-Lincolns Inn-Fields.*

By his MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

——*Manent veſtigia ruris.* Horat.

LONDON,

Printed for *Peter Buck* at the *Inner-Temple-Gate*; *John Sturton* at the *Poſt-Office*; and *Alexander Boſvil* at the *Dyal* in *Fleet-ſtreet*.
MDCXCVI.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *CLIFFORD*

OF

LANESBOROUGH.

My Lord,

I *Humbly Dedicate my firſt Endeavours for the Stage to your Lordſhip, whoſe powerful Patronage ſo generouſly ſupports it. The Ancients thus devoted the firſt Fruits to their Tutelary Divinities. 'Tis true that what I offer comes from a foreign Plant, and is not ripen'd to that Delicacy that ſhou'd recommend it to your exquiſite Taſte: Yet I hope your Lordſhip will be* kindly prejudic'd *to a liking of the Fruit that was produc'd where you reign. While your Wit and Judgment aw'd me no leſs than your Greatneſs, your indulging Smiles embolden'd me to the honour of this Addreſs. 'Tis to that condeſcending Goodneſs that I preſume to Devote this Eſſay, as an Earneſt of what I will ſtrive to do, to gain a better Title to your generous Encouragement. Nor cou'd I eaſily have ſecur'd a Patron to ſo general a*

Satire, had I not happily fix'd on your Lordſhip, whom all allow to be not only free from the Defects it expoſes, but endow'd with all their oppoſite Perfections. Thus your very name will ſtamp a value on the Piece, and recommend it to the moſt Difficult, who will fear to miſlike what they'll know has been grac'd and made authentic by your favourable Reception.

Here, my Lord, the Cuſtom of Dedications calls upon me, prompting me to put on the Poet, to draw the Patron; and though moſt Performances of this kind are as full of Flattery as the Plays are of Satire, I might attempt your Lordſhips Character without being obnoxious to that Cenſure. But what Pen will dare engage ſo Lofty and Difficult a Theme? Some of the Beſt have modeſtly declin'd it, and been reduc'd to ſpeak like the reſt of the World, who ſtrive to give ſome Idea of your Lordſhip, by that of The Fine Gentleman; *a Character you maintain among the Brave, the Witty, and the Fair, by ſo undiſputed a Title as confirms you a living honour to your great Anceſtors, even to the glorious Name of* Boyle, *that has ſo long been an honour to this Iſland and its Neighbour. There are ſublime Beauties that admit of no ſhadow, which, like the* Sun, *dazzle even while admir'd by Reflection: Things ſo conſpicuous are not to be illuſtrated with Ink. Beſides, I ought to conſider that I ſpeak of you to your ſelf; and tho' you ſtill moſt unwillingly ſuffer your ſelf to be mov'd out of your admirable temper, 'tis known how dangerous 'tis to make you exert your Patience beyond the Bounds*

you

you preſcribe it. The Braveſt are the moſt modeſt; thus Praiſe too often offends thoſe to whom 'tis moſt due, and they ſhun it no leſs than they ſeek to deſerve it. This Conſideration, my Lord, checks my preſumptuous Zeal, and confines me to a ſilent Admiration of that Worth, which, as it endears you to all mankind, makes me ambitious of being known,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble

and devoted Servant,

Peter Motteux.

EPI-

PREFACE TO THE READER.

I Am almoſt aſham'd to mention the extraordinary Succeſs of a Play which I my ſelf muſt condemn; yet I am glad I was not miſtaken in my opinion of the generous Audience, which was ſo indulgent, that I'm willing to think I was the more kindly us'd for being a Stranger. I will ſtrive to deſerve the Favor better by attempting ſomething more correct than this Play, which, tho it makes no unpleaſant Figure on the Stage, and is thought ſufficiently entertaining, is not altogether diſpos'd as I cou'd have wiſh'd. For, I would have the Plot, Converſation and Humour begin and run through the whole Play together, a thing but ſeldom practis'd of late. I cou'd not follow that method in this, becauſe I began it upon two Acts ſuppos'd to be written by a perſon now dead, and given me by Mr. *Verbruggen*. Though there is no manner of Buſineſs in 'em, nor the leaſt proſpect of any, I lik'd 'em ſo well as to continue 'em and fit a Plot to 'em, but as the Lovers were not brought together yet, and there are none but genteel Characters in 'em, I was oblig'd to make my three Acts ſo very long, that (when I brought 'em to be acted) without the other two, they were found to exceed by above an Act the due length of a Play. This oblig'd me not only to ſtrike out intirely Mr. *Verbruggen*'s two Acts, but to ſhorten mine, and with ſome alterations make 'em Five. I alſo alter'd ſome Characters that I might uſe thoſe two Acts another time: (For, I think 'em too pretty to be loſt.) But I have not borrow'd the leaſt word or hint out of 'em; for, tho there is a ſatirical Wit and a mercurial Spark in them, as well as in this Play, they are ſomewhat

what different, beſides thoſe are general humours which almoſt every Writer takes a priviledge of bringing in where he pleaſes. I thought my ſelf oblig'd to ſay ſo much, becauſe ſome People either maliciouſly or through a miſtake have reported that the two firſt Acts are not mine. I am willing to own a Debt, when I borrow, contrary to the Example of moſt Dramatick Writers. *Plautus* and *Terence* borrow'd from the Greek; I wou'd borrow, from my own Countrymen, but *Moliere* and moſt of 'em have been ſo glean'd, that there's ſcarce any thing left. I have far'd better among the *Italians*, for I muſt own my ſelf indebted to 'em for the hint of the two Scenes where Love is made in Jeſt, as alſo for ſome Speeches and Thoughts here and there, and were their Author known I wou'd name him. When ever any thing in *foreign* Plays will ſeem to me fit to divert us here, I will freely make uſe of it, and as freely acknowledge it. Mr. *Shadwell* ſaid very juſtly, that we do not borrow from Foreigners out of Poverty, but out of Lazineſs. Nor will I value the baſe and notoriouſly falſe Inſinuations of envious impotent Poetaſters, and, leaſt of all, thoſe of a pitiful conceited noiſie ſcribling wou'd-be-quack, below naming; one whoſe wretched Riddles, Songs, *&c.* were deny'd a place in my late Miſcellanies, tho, *like other things of his*, recommended *by himſelf*, as if written by a Lady. Such an invidious Traducer is well coupled with an idle ſharping Dialoguemonger, whoſe *Zany* he is; like him, ſo baſe as to detract, in the moſt barbarous manner, from thoſe who never wrong'd him, and ſo cowardly as to deny it: But they might as well charge thoſe of ruining themſelves by Marriage who have not yet committed that Folly, as of ruining a Bookſeller by Books, by which he owns he was a gainer: Had I but room, I wou'd ſtigmatize that Brace of Libellers; for, how deſpicable ſoever ſuch Scoundrels may be, they are to be fear'd as well as hated; for, what is more to be hated than a profeſs'd Lyar, or more to be fear'd than a publick Slanderer.

Let me leave this ungrateful Subject to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. *John Eccles*, who not only ſet my three Dialogues to moſt charming Notes, but humour'd the Words to Admiration; we need not fear Muſic ſhou'd decline, while we have ſo fine a Genius to ſupport and raiſe it.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Bowen *in a Riding-Dreſs.*

I've been t' invite our Friends at Epſom *hither,*
But fear we muſt expect but few this weather.
Here for a triple ſcarcity we pine,
Of Wits, of Beaux, and what's yet worſe, of Coyn.
Lord! what a Croud I met upon the Road!
Try'd Virgins, going to lay down their Load,
Squires, Bullies, Rakes, and Fops, in jolting Coaches ſtow'd.
Sharpers like Captains; Lawyers Clerks, like Beaux,
And freckled Country-Wives, in new old faſhion'd Cloths.
New Married Fools, with hollow-Eye and Cheek,
Going to ſee their Unkle for a Week,
And batter'd Sinners that have ſprung a Leak.
Kind Cuckolds, to ſee Spouſe's Brat at Nurſe,
And College Quacks, to purge the Body and the Purſe.
Fat Prieſts, who Coach it while lean Curates drudge,
And their Pariſhioners on Foot muſt trudge.
Setters, and Brothers of the Oak and Dice,
And Masks new plaſter'd, Cullies to intice.
Cits, who ſtopt Payment, to take Country-houſes;
Some, ſtyly riding with each others Spouſes:
For, Sparks ſo ſcarce this time of Action grow,
Cits muſt e'en Cuckold one another now.
Ev'n Prentices, on Hackneys themſelves priding,
Now Whip and Spur to run out Caſh are riding:
Then fairly run-away for fear of Chiding.
I fancy, none but thoſe will ſtay in Town
Who, like us here, want Money to go down.

Let's

Let's ſee! ſhall we have Charges at this Play?
Faith that's more than ſome had at their Third-day.
We muſt Prorogue the Houſe, ſhou'd this not take,
In Pity then pray ſpare it for our ſake.
A young Play-writer, when we act his firſt,
Without Damnation here enough is Curſt.
Oh! he has then a moſt Poetic Face,
And looks, ſays, let me ſee——juſt like an Aſs;
Nay, what you'll ſcarce believe, a Poet prays.
Then the next minute, with a frightful mein
Uds bloody Bones he cry's, they ſpoil this Scene.
If you ſeem dull, like him, he's mighty ſick,
Cut off a Line, you cut him to the quick.
At the leaſt hiſs you'd ſwear his Soul were fled,
But a round Clap can raiſe him from the Dead:
He's Cock-a-hoop, and ſcarce can talk to you,
E'gad he cry's, I knew the Play wou'd do.
But if another hiſs his Ears but reaches,
Down ſinks at once his heart into his Breeches.
Yet ſcorns our Writer threatning Foes to fear;
The generous Britons *will a Stranger ſpare:*
Thus low the Frenchman *bows—then learns of you to dare.*
His Satire bites but like a Lover's kiſs,
And none of you, he's ſure, can take't amiſs.

THE EPILOGUE.

Mr. Underhil. Now for the Epilogue.
Mr. Bowen — No, There's none I think.
Mr. Underhil. Let down the Curtain then, and let's go drink.

Enter Mr. Mynns, one of the Gypsies.

Gypsie. ——— Hold!
I must here tell Fortunes e're you stir;
For I'm a Gypsie, tho no Conjurer.
First, Criticks, here in vain you'll always sit,
And swear, all's as Damn'd stuff, as tho by you 'twere writ.
You'll strive not to be pleas'd, and, while we 're playing,
Asses will chat, or hiss instead of Braying.
Poor Masks, who lay out half Crown to get Cully,
You'll often sit alone damn'd Melancholy.
You'll Paint like Hell; but yet you'll have some grace,
In this lewd Play-house, you'll ne're shew your Face.
You, Rakish Sparks, shall jogg from House to House,
Look big, shift Boxes, and not pay a Souse.
When drunk, you'll reel out with some tawdry Miss,
And, when at last sh' unmasks, to drink, and kiss,
She'll cool your Courage with her damn'd old Phiz.
Or, if you're kind, she'll prove a grateful Wench,
She'll get the Guinea, but you'll get the French.
Tho the price of some Flesh is out of Reason,
Whores will be cheap, but ticklish ware this Season.

Close

Close Sparks, who in our Gall'ry lead lewd lives,
You'll pick up Masks, yet dread they'll prove your Wives.
And, you, their wives, will vow you go to pray,
When you're at this or at another Play.
You Upper-gall'ry Beaux, may hope to find
Masters wise as your selves, some Ladies kind,
And your Sons in the Couch, while you're behind.
You nice Gallants, (I dare not call you Beaux,
That's threadbare, like your Cast-off-wenches Cloths)
You'll still be Beaux, and, while you're lash'd in Plays,
Cry, Dem the Clapping Mob; *smile, and take snuff with grace.*
Still to pursue the Faireſt you'll delight,
Tho you, like smoak, will but offend their sight.
To conquer hearts you'll to the Park repair,
And, while your Prince takes Towns, you'll take the Air.
Bright Ladies, Fortune must your wishes crown,
You save, or damn us, as you smile or frown;
Save him that spar'd your Blushes here to day;
But Damn his next, if not a better Play!

DRAM-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lord *Lovewel*, in Love with *Francelia*.	Mr. *Hodgſon*.
Sir *Thomas Gaymood*.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Sam Gaymood his younger Brother.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Railmore, my Lord's Friend.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Airy, Friend to *Railmore*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Sir Topewel Clowniſh.	Mr. *Underhil*.
Squire Illbred his Nephew.	Mr. *Treſuſis*.
Humphry Doddipole his Man.	Mr. *Trout*.
Humdrum a Country Parſon.	Mr. *Eldred*.
Major Buff.	Mr. *Harris*.
Plot, Lord *Lovewell's* Man.	Mr. *Bright*.
Frankly, a young Gentleman in Chambermaids Cloths, in Love with *Kitty*.	Mr. *Bailey*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Single*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Kitty her Siſter.	Miſs *Howard*.
Francelia, Sir *Thomas Gaymoods* Eldeſt Daughter.	Mrs. *Bowtell*.
Chriſtina her Siſter.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Doll Hoydon.	Mrs. *Perrin*.

Servants, Gypſies, Clowns, and Attendants.

Scene Sir *Thomas Gaymood's* Seat in *Hertfordſhire*.
Time of Action from Noon till Night.

LOVE'S

Love's a Jeſt,

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

Scene a Garden.

Enter Gaymood *Singing : A Servant with him.*

Gay. *Saves to* London, *I'll deceive you.* [Sings.]
SE'gad I've as good a voice as moſt Compoſers!
Prethee ſing it me once more, that I may have it right.

Servant Sings.

A Song.

A SONG.

I.

Slaves to London, *I'll deceive you;*
For the Country now I leave you.
Who can bear, and not be mad
Wine so dear, and yet so bad?
Such a noise, an Air so smoaky,
That to stun yee, This to choak yee,
Men so selfish false and rude,
Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd?

II.

If we play, we're sure of losing;
If we love, our Doom we're chusing.
At the Playhouse tedious sport,
Cant in City, Cringe at Court,
Dirt in streets, and dirty Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies,
Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry where.
Who that's wise would tarry here?

III.

Quiet harmless Country Pleasure
Shall at home engross my Leisure.
Farewell, London, *I'll repair*
To my native Country Air:
I leave all thy Plagues behind me.
But at home my wife will find me?
O yee Gods! 'Tis ten times worse!
London *is a milder Curse.*

Enter

Enter Railmore.

Rail. Mad *Sam Gaywood*!

Gay. Covent-Garden Railmore come to eaſe his Spleen in *Hertfordſhire*!

Ra. What, my thoughtleſs merry talking old acquaintance, come to eke out a ſcanty Income with elemoſinary Maintenance at an Elder Brothers!

Gay. Even ſo, by *Mercury*; and I think 't was high-time to go after my Credit, when my Credit was gone after my laſt Quarter. Faith I wiſely tick'd for the Coach down, reſolv'd the Padders ſhould get no more by *Sam*, than they wou'd by a caſt Poet, when he ſteals into the Country after his Damnation in Town.

Rail. Sure thou might'ſt have borrow'd of thy acquaintance?

Gay. Of any body ſooner I fancy. Why, thou knoweſt my Converſation is amongſt the Wits, and they commonly have too little Money or too much Wit to lend a Brother any thing. Toaſt me, if I durſt ſo much as ask my man to do it, for fear the Rogue who has formerly carried a Wit's Cloke ſhould ask me Security for his Wages.

Rail. Faith I'm come to be your neighbour much for the ſame Cauſe; I mean, to recruit, and Dun Tenants, that I may be Dunn'd leſs my ſelf; for I am not like moſt of our fine Sparks, that are aſham'd of Dunning, but not at all of being Dunn'd.

Gay. Prethee, old Wormwood, when did you leave the Town?

Rail. Two days ago, and hearing this morning, my Lord *Lovewel* wou'd be here to day, I came to ſee him; but I found him ſo deep engag'd with your eldeſt Neice, that, after a moments converſe, I e'en left him.

Gay. To come to me: ay, he courts her with my Brothers encouragement, but ſhe's ſo reſerv'd, and he ſo obſervant that I dare lay my modeſty to thy good-Nature (which is no very great Wager) that you car'd as little for their Company as they for yours.

Rail. Or any body for thine, when there's any other to be got.

Gay. That's like thee! meer Spleen and Envy, *Jack*, becauſe my Tinſel out-ſhines thy Lead. Why, there's your Idol *Tom Airy*, who's come to paſs the Summer near us, and is now yonder with my Couſins; he's a pretty ſmart Fellow, we own it; but, if you'll be judg'd by our Country Sparks, he ſhines no more when I am by than ſome ſlovenly Wit by your glittering Queens of the Stage.

Rail. Why, the little Wit he has is his own, *Sam*; but thine is as falſe as their Jewels, and as borrow'd as what they ſpeak on the Stage.

Gay. Like thee again! 'Tis well thou know'ſt I ne're take any thing ill from my Friend—Oh here comes my Brother!

Enter Sir Thomas Gaymood.

Sir *Tho.* Mr. *Railmore*, I long'd to have you at my Houſe; Come, let's go take another Glaſs or two of Hock before Dinner!

Rail. No more till then, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir *Tho.* Why, my neighbour Sir *Topewel Clownſh* and Squire *Ilbred* who'll be here after Dinner wou'd have made you Tipſy before they'd have granted you a Truce.

Gay. Ay, they are fonder here of knocking down a Friend, than ſome of our Beau-Campainers of knocking down an Enemy.

Rail.

Rail. A very honourable way of fighting in time of War.

Gay. Ay, or in time of Peace either. Firſt, they ply you by Break of Day with a Bumper of Cherry-Brandy to heal you; next two Bumpers of Stingo to warm you; then as much Mead or Sider, to cool you; Stale-Beer and Sugar for Breakfaſt; a Flood of bad Port for Dinner; an Ocean of worſe Punch, for Supper; and a doſe of raw Brandy to ſettle you: Much ſmoaking, and more drinking; little Eating, and leſs talking; unleſs I'm there, e'gad, ſcarce any thing comes out of their mouths but Smoke.

Sir *Tho.* But pray what News at *London*? I ſhou'd want ſuch a friend as you to ſend down the News; for your News-mongers are ſuch Lyars!

Rail. Why, truly, in the land of the Wiſe, they ſay little; and write leſs: News is as partially ſpread as Religions; ſo, I'm as careleſs about it as the credulous Croud, or you Country Gentlemen are inquiſitive.

Sir *Tho.* Yet you may tell one how things go in the City? I hate it as a ſmoaky Kitchin, but yet good things come out of it ſometimes, tho 'tis bad living in't.

Rail. Why, the the City ſtands where it did; and that's a wonder to the Godly! But the Suburbs are like to overtake you in *Hertfordſhire*: As for the Citizens they follow their own way, I think.

Sir *Tho.* As how, Pray?

Rail. Why, they cheat, to build Alms-houſes; break, to get Eſtates; rail at Courtiers, yet truſt 'em, load Ships, for the Privateers; take Prentices, to learn 'em nothing; Get Money by venturing to loſe that of other Folks; take Wives for other Folks, and have Children that are other Folks's. They wear Swords, but never draw 'em: The Court-end of the Town Extravagance is getting into the City, and the City Trade to the

Court-

Court-end of the Town: They play at the Game of Stockjobbing at the old *Exchange*, and play away their Money, and their health near the *New*; Pray for Wealth, but damn themſelves to get it; ſpend little, to leave much; turn Inſurers when they've nothing to loſe; and Gentlemen when there's nothing to get; lower the price of Goods to make it riſe; have ſtore of Bank-Bills, and the Banks, ſtore of empty Cheſts.

Sir *Tho.* Pray tell us ſomething of the Court? you've been a Courtier, and they ſay, the beſt way to have a good malicious account of it, is to ask one that has been turn'd out.

Rail. Why, there they are plagu'd with impertinent Suitors, but plague 'em worſe with diſappointments. Lords ſell off, and Stewards Purchaſe; juſt as Officers ſet up their Coaches, and you Country Gentlemen lay 'em down: Preferments are plenty, but Money ſcarce: Acquaintances elbow one another out without Conſcience, ſmile without joy, embrace without Friendſhip, flatter without Moderation, promiſe without Reflexion, and break their Words without Conſequence. Beggers grow Courtiers, and Courtiers Beggers.

Gay. Why, that's no news man; begging was the Courtiers Trade from the Beginning.

Sir *Tho.* But how do thy drink at *London* now; for there are modes for drinking as well as for other things?

Gay. Oh I'll tell you that better than he; firſt, your Politicians drink Coffee; Wits, Beaux and Women, warm Tea, and ſome of 'em. cold: We Rakes, drink Red, and then Small-beer; Bawds, Snapdragons; Whores what they can get, but Mead and Rheniſh and Sugar to chuſe; Stewards the beſt Champain, and their Maſters the worſt, Merchants ſmuggl'd Claret; Wenchers Chocolate, and ſometimes Dyetdrink.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* And what do Black-Coats drink?

Gay. Oh any thing, any thing.

Rail. I ſee our two Lovers moving this way, I wou'd avoid 'em, and find out *Airy*, and the other Ladies.

Sir *Tho.* My Couſin *Single*, with her Siſter *Kitty*, and my Daughter *Chriſtina* are that way with him.

Gay. It's a wonder my Lady *Single* wou'd ſteal any time from her Books ſhe loves ſo much, to walk with any of our Sex, ſhe loves ſo little.

Rail. Why, truly there's ſo little good Society, that Books are often the beſt Company. It ſeems the falſeneſs of our Sex has frighted her into an averſion to Marriage as much as the Infidelity of Women has deterr'd me from that fatal Nooſe; but it grieves me to hear, ſhe impairs her health and good humour by too much reading. I'll ſtrive to perſwade her at leaſt not to hate us all, that ſhe may converſe with ſome, and ſo help me to rail at the reſt of mankind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Lovewel, *and* Francelia.

L. *Lo.* Ah *Francelia*! ſhou'd your modeſty make you doubt your Power of reconciling Libertines to Truth, ſure you've too much Clearneſs, not to believe, but ſome of theſe may become Converts to conſtant Love at laſt.

Fran. At laſt indeed, and very few I doubt. Some who rov'd in their youth may doat and become conſtant, but 'tis as moſt ſinners repent, when they grow old, my Lord.

L. *Lo.* Oh! believe me one of thoſe Few that cou'd repent betimes; I ſought in others what I've found in you, and have only known their Falſeneſs to prize your worth the more.

Fran.

Fran. I muſt confeſs I wiſh I cou'd believe you, tho yet I think you mean not to deceive me: But in Love's diſeaſe, as in others, ſometimes Libertines ſeem converted, and make vows, which they then intend to keep, but commonly forfeit as ſoon as they are eas'd.

L. Lo. Even Gratitude alone can ſecure you a heart, but you have Charms to fix a Rover, tho he ſhould want that Vertue.

Fran. Alas! my Lord, *Love* is a fickle Paſſion, but Beauty is a tranſitory Charm, and Gratitude a weak chargeable Vertue, which Men ſhake off, or wilfully forget. No, ſince we muſt think of throwing away many Favours before we can expect to place one well, I dare not run the venture.

L. Lo. I ſwear by all———

Fran. Oh do not ſwear, my Lord; a Lover's Oaths like Confeſſions on the Rack, are ſtill recanted, when the Pang is over. If you'll accept my friendſhip, 'tis your own; But name not Love, I tremble at the word.

L. Lo. Why, Friendſhip is Love refin'd! Ah! Madam——

Fran. Come, we'll walk on, my Lord: I dare not grant you more; and if you prize that Friendſhip, ask no more: Oh name not Love, I tremble at the word.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Gaymood, Railmore, Airy, *Lady* Single, Chriſtina, *and* Kitty.

Gay. Yonder they're walking!

Rail. And will be theſe four hours if you'll let 'em: He, only to ſay, I'll love eternally; and ſhe, I'll never love—Both true alike.

La Sin. I wonder Lovers are never tir'd of each others company.

Gay. No wonder at all, Cuz; they always ſpeak of themſelves.

Chr. As you love to read all day, many love to hunt all day, my Lady *Single*; now Love they ſay is a kind of Chace.

La. S. A Wild-gooſe Chace.

Ch. And the Woman the Gooſe, when 'tis caught the Game is ended. Ay, 'tis well to keep you men at a diſtance; Forms in Love, like Myſteries in Religion, make Reaſon truckle, but advance your Zeal.

Rail. Aſſes, they ſay, run the faſter under a Load. For my part, I am like the Fireſhip that ſcorns to burn, till ſure to kindle Flames in ſomething worth burning for.

Airy. So that like moſt of ours you're in no great danger of burning; for the Enemy is not more afraid of 'em than Women are afraid of Wits, or fond of Beaux.

Ch. Beaux! Why, we hear nothing ſo much rail'd at now as thoſe tame Animals! Pray, what do you properly call a Beau, Mr. *Airy*?

Airy. A Beau is———

Gay. Stay, let me tell that—Why, a Beau is a kind of a two-legg'd thing, that talks, and walks, and dances,

and ſings, and dreſſes, and looks like ſomething between a Man and a Woman, that ſeldom keeps a ſecret better than the latter, and ſtrives to outdo 'em in taking care of the outſide, conſcious there's little within. It riſes to go to Bed, is two hours at the Toilette a dreſſing, diſpatching of Duns, and ſpoiling gilt paper to diſpatch it as Billets Doux, ſometimes to its ſweet ſelf, and all day making Love to its dear Carcaſs and ſweeter Cloths.

Ch. Ay, but there are other ſorts of Beaux?

Gay. Oh, yes; now Beau is every thing: there's your Town, Court, Camp, Sea, Church, and Country Beau. Sometimes Beau is Mr. *Smerk* with his diminutive Band and powder'd Bob: ſometimes *Daſh* a Lawyers Clerk, that pomatum's his Face, waſhes it with Milk and Water, and is two hours turning up his hair at night, that it may ſit in Curls the next morning. There are dirty Beaux, and Beau Footmen too, and old Beaux in abundance! Nay, now a Man's a Beau if he has but a clean Handkercheif.

Ch. Methinks 'tis time the Name were abdicated.

Rail. The Name may be laid down, but the thing will continue, as long as Womens Inclinations continue the ſame.

Ch. Nay, if you begin with us, I muſt put in for the honour of our Sex.

Rail. Which is juſt like the honour of ours, and that's ſo little I'm aſham'd to tell you.

Ch. Come, thoſe Wits ought to be fool'd who make their Addreſſes to Fools; how fine 'tis to ſee one of you follow ſome fooliſh *Celia* like her Shadow, and go even to *St. James's* or *St. Ann's*, for a ſingle look croſs a Pew; pelt her with Billets Doux commonly ſtol'n, Nonſenſical, or Romantic, write dull Madrigals on her, and get 'em

ſung

ſung to duller Tunes at your weekly interviews in *York-buildings*; and loſe his reſt for her, while Miſs *Celia* all the while either ſleeps or laughs at him.

Rail. Ten to one but he has his turn to laugh at her: Look you, Madam, one half of the world firſt banters the other, then one half of the world lies with the other, and at laſt one half of the world laughs at the other.

La. S. Therefore I would not have our Sex truſt the other.

Ch. Not ſo faſt Couſin; I believe of you and Mr. *Railmore* as I do of both Sexes.

La. S. What's that, dear *Chriſtina*?

Ch. Why, the one is in the wrong, and the other is not in the right.

Airy. Ay, Madam, were the world ſuch as they wou'd both be thought, a married pair wou'd be as great a rarity as——

Rail. A ſelf-denying Prieſt, or a couple that never repented after the Hony Moon.

Airy. Have a care, Sir; all people marry at one time or other.

Rail. Ay, Sir, and repent it at one time or other; look you, when two marry, both part with their Freedom to each other, yet neither of them gets it.

La. There I agree with you: For my part a Husband's Inconſtancy and Ingratitude are no leſs my averſion than a Wife's lazy ſubject way of living. I could not waſte half my time at my Glaſs, and the reſt on Children, Nurſes, and mean houſhold affairs; and on a Drunkard, a Gameſter, a Debauchee, a jealous Coxcomb, or an ill-natur'd Blockhead, who would look on me only as a means to mend his Fortune, or an Obſtacle to his Pleaſures.

Rail. Nor would I become a property for the ſake of a little Droſs or fancied Charms, which like a *Will in the Wiſp* vaniſh when they've deluded us into a Pit whence there's no getting out; then the ſeeming Angel proves a real Devil, neglects her ſelf for her Fool, and adorns her ſelf only for others.

Ch. Oh, ſay no more; were not you Men to be caught by meer outſide as well as we, we ſhould ſeldom take ſuch care about it, and were you not ſo blind when caught, we would not be ſo careleſs before you afterwards. But let's talk of ſomething elſe. What if we ſhou'd ſit down yonder.

La. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt all but* Airy *and* Kitty.

Airy aſide] This is young *Frankly*'s little Miſtreſs: I've a mind to try how ſhe bears my Friend's abſence—— Stay dear pretty creature, I muſt call you to an account.

Kit. O Laird, Sir! for what?

Airy. Why? for making me love you whether I will or no; ſuch an Air, ſuch Eyes, ſuch blooming Beauty, will make more Men run mad than Poetry, Plotting, or Phanaticiſm.

Kit. Nay, as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, I can't help it. Wou'd you have my Eyes put out?

Airy. Thy Eyes! why, Child, I had rather the Sun were put out. Oh I wou'd ſtill gaze on thoſe dear damn'd bewitching Eyes, and hear that ſweet pretty prattling Tongue.

Kit. O Law! the Man's mad indeed!—— Yet methinks I like this kind of Madneſs mightily. [*Aſide.*

Airy. Why, don't I tell you you'll make the whole Nation a *Bedlam*, if 'tis not one already—— Nay, you muſt not go yet.

Kit.

Kit. Why, Sir, you own you are mad, and I ſhould be mad too ſhould I ſtay with you— Let me go.

Airy. Oh mine's a Madneſs that will hurt none but my ſelf, dear Creature; come, you muſt ſtay, you can never have an opportunity to appear fully beautiful but alone with a Man that loves you.

Kit. If you love me, why don't you let me go? Yet methinks I cou'd ſtay to grow handſomer. [*Aſide.*

Airy. I won't let you go, becauſe I love you. Why, you are grown infinitely more charming in an inſtant.

Kit. Ah! why muſt we diſſemble. Methinks 'tis a pretty innocent thing to be talk'd ſo to! *Aſide.*] Well, Sir, tho they tell me I'm too young to be courted, I'm old enough to know I'm flatter'd.

Airy. Were you before your Glaſs you'd find it truth: but a Kiſs or two will make you incomparable. Dear lovely Sweetneſs.

Kit. Oh; no, no, no, no; no kiſſing at all.

[*She ſings; he preſſes till he kiſſes her.*

Enter Lady Single.

La. Bleſs me! he's kiſſing the Girl, and ſhe refuſes it as faintly as if ſhe deſir'd he ſhould do more! *Aſide*] *Kitty*, is this what I taught you? 'S death, Sir, you ought to pay dear for this preſumption.

Kit. Why, Siſter, the Gentleman is a very civil Gentleman; he only try'd to make me handſomer.

La. I think he has done it indeed; he has put a colour in your face. O my word you ſhall go into a Nunnery ſpeedily.

Airy. Ay, Madam, ſo ſhe ſhou'd; for ſhe'll be the Torment of both Sexes if ſhe is not lock'd up.

Lady. Why, Mr. *Airy*, I did not think you would have taken ſo much pains with a Girl, while ſo many Women would have thank'd you for the Office?

Airy. Truly, Madam, Girls have often more Wit than Women, they ſeldom refuſe what they like. And then while you have Mr. *Railmore* with you, who is a Maſter in that Profeſſion, why ſhould you grudge your Siſter thoſe innocent Improvements which you deny your ſelf.

La. He a Maſter in that Art! he's too ſurly to have any Scholars.

Airy. And your Ladyſhip too ſcornful to be taught. But I ſuppoſe 'tis becauſe your Charms admit of no increaſe, Madam.

La. Oh, your Servant, Sir; no more of this, I pray; I would have my Siſter, like me, ſhun ſuch dangerous Inſtructions.

Love is a Foe by Flight alone ſubdu'd;
So *Daphne* gain'd the Lawrel when purſu'd:
The God was fir'd, and own'd and urg'd his Flame;
The Virgin bluſht, and fled, and overcame.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *A Dining Room.*

Sir Thomas Graymood, *Lord* Lovewel, Railmore, Aity, *Young* Graymood, Francelia, Chriſtina, *and* Kitty *are diſcovered ready to riſe from Table.* Frankly *in Maids Cloths and other Servants waiting.*

Sir *Tho.* HEre, take away! Nay, Girls, what need you riſe? I've a Dance and ſome Muſic for the Company.

[*A Dance.*]

While the Dance is performing enter Sir Topewel Clowniſh, *and Squire* Illbred, *who make Antic Geſtures, as if they would be dancing too.* [*They all riſe.*

Sir Top. How is't, old Boy? how fares it with thy body? hale and luſty, full of juice, full of gravy, hah? [*Claps Sir* Tho. *hard on the Shoulder, and ſhakes him by the hand.*

Sir Tho. Sir *Topewel Clowniſh!* Adad ſtand off, or I'll beat thee! a Peaſecods on thy Shoulder of Mutton Fiſt; why did not you come to dine with me, old Suckface? I have the rareſt Hock now! Many a *German* Prince gets drunk with worſe; and as for Red ſtuff, here's that would make a divided County vote one and all, by old *England!* here's to you, old Sot! [*Drinks to Sir* Topewel.

Sir Top. Thank you Brother: Look you, Mum's the word. I'll tell you what 'tis in the twinkling of a Bumper. Here, *John, John*, do you fill me yonder Beer Glaſs, only for a Taſte, *John.* [*Servant fills him Wine.*

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Squire *Illbred*, I'm glad to ſee you; you're welcome!

Illb. The like to you, Sir *Thomas!* Odsme, I ſhall ne're be able to break my mind to my Miſtreſs: my Heart beats like any Mill-clapper; 'tis e'n ſinking into my Breeches, e' faith. [*Aſide.*

Sir Top. Couſin, don't hang on Arſe: Odſooks, ſhow your head, Man, and go buſs the Women, if thou wou'dſt. [Illbred *going, he ſtops him.* But hold, here's to thee: Do nothing raſhly, as the ſaying is, ſoft and fair, as Lawyers go to heaven, drink firſt. [*Drinks.*

Illb. Miſtreſs *Frances*, your Health: Sir *Thomas* here's towards you. (*Taſtes, and ſpurts it out.*) Humh! 'tis ſo, ſo; I think 'tis almoſt as good as our Stale Beer.

Ga. Sir *Topewel*, thou right worſhipful Bumkin, thou glorious Phiz-painter, thou walking Cellar of *March* Beer, and Terror of Sippers and Flinchers, egad I'm as glad to ſee thee ſober in this Houſe, as thou art to ſee a ſtranger drunk at thine.

Sir Top. Thank you, Squire *Prate-apace.*

Ga. Egad, old Tough-hide, I'm come to have t' other bout with you.

Sir Tho. Why, I've only made ſome, ſtay, let me ſee, ay, ay— No, ay, ſome ninety nine as drunk as Cuckolds (I mean as *Londoners*) ſince I knock'd thee down, and thou'rt come juſt time enough to make up the hundred.

Ga. I've a couple of Seconds here, you old Toaſt, they'll ſtand by me.

Sir Top. Ay, and fall by thee too, before I've done with 'em. I don't know 'em: I never know a man till I've drunk with him—Odſooks I had e'en forgot buſſing. Cozen, follow; methinks I'm a dancing the New Vagaries. [*Sings part of that Tune, as he goes to kiſs the women, who ſeem unwilling.* *Fran.*

Fran. Fye, Sir *Topewel*, ſince you Men kiſs one another like Children, to kiſs Women grows out of faſhion at *London*.

Sir Top. Then it's a ſign 'tis in faſhion in the Country. Odſooks, I had rather kiſs a Hog's Snout than ſlabber a briſtly fellow who makes a Hen's Breech atyou with his Chaps. I'll warrant, that's outlandiſh.

Rail. The Booby kiſſes like a Nurſe; here's a Smack as loud as that of a Carriers Whip [*Aſide.*

Ch. A Dewſe take you and your *Dutch* Buſs! Were you to kiſs ahus at *London*, 'twould coſt ſome Women half their outward face.

Kit. Foh! you ſtink of Wine.

[*To Sir* Topewel *after he has forc'd a Kiſs from her.*

Sir Top. Odſooks, you young Sucker, you proud Titbit of Fleſh for your Children, does Wine ſtink? give me my Buſs again. Bir, bir, bir. [*She runs from him, and he*

Kit. I'll owe it you, I'll owe it you. *ſtrives to catch her.*

Illb. I've a coming ſtomach to Kiſſes, e' faith! By y'r leave, Miſs.

Kit. By yours, Maſter!

[*He offers to kiſs her; ſhe hits him a ſlap o' the face.*

Illb. Thank you; but what's that for, tho?

Kit. Why, that's for you: My Lips are beſpoke, but my hand's at your ſervice; d' you want another?

Illb. No, you young Light-skirts, I have too much by one—— Go, munch Oatmeal! What's the Girl afraid of? a Horſe Buſs? Why, the Parſon's Daughters, nay the Juſtice's Wife, let me ſmack 'em again and again, and welcome; and there's our *Suſan* ſaith, I've a breath like a Cow's 'tis ſo ſweet—— Well, if the Miſtreſs won't the Maid ſhall, e' faith. [*Goes to kiſs* Frankly.

Airy. He's in the right on't; when we can't get into the Townwe muſt e'en take up in the Suburbs.

Sir Tho. Now you ſhall hear a Song ſet by my Daughter's Muſic-maſter.

Scotch SONG.

From Aberdeen *to* Edenbrough
I trudg'd it with my Bearn,
And thence to London *Town did go,*
News of my Love to learn.

II.

And now the bonny Lad is come
To Royal Willy *here,*
So I'ſe e'en gang contented home,
Sin I have got my dear, &c.

Ch. Pray, how does your Lordſhip like the compoſing?

L. Lov. I like it extremely, Madam.

Ill. Oh! is that a Lord! [*Staring on Ld.* Lovewel.

Sir Top. Like it! Why, there's not a word of drinking in't. Odſooks one merry Drinking Catch is worth a hundred on't; as, *Oh the little Houſe that lies under the Hill! Thrilo, lilo, lilo, lilo, liloh!* [Sings.

Sir Tho. Well, here's ſomething will fit you to a Hair.

Enter Mr. Redding *in a Smith's Habit, a Bottle in his hand. He ſings; ſeemingly drunk.*

SONG.

Man. *Should I not lead a happy Life,*
Were but my Bottle like my Wife!
My Bottle empties when I ſwill,
But my Wife ſwells up when we bill.

Wou'd

Wou'd (when I drink) my Bottle fill,
And (when I kiss) my Wife not swell,
All wou'd be well:
I wou'd so bill,
So fill, so swill,
That daily gaily I wou'd spend my Life,
Sucking, filling,
Hugging, billing,
My merry Bottle and my Wife.

[Drinks; then throws away his Bottle, and takes up a Quart Pot.

Enter Mr. Lee *dreſt as the Smith's Wife and big-bellied.*

DIALOGUE.

Wom. *Still at your Pot,*
You drunken Sot?
You till I come
Will ne're go home;
And when you're there,
You curſe and ſwear;
Then prove a Bed
A lump of Lead.

Man. *D' you think, you Scold,*
I'll be controul'd?
No more be ſaid:
Or at your Head,
As I'm a Sot,
Souſe flys the Pot!
But firſt, I think,
I'll ſave the Drink. [Drinks.

Wom. *Hold, leave a ſup,*
Don't drink all up.

Man. *Here, taſte and know* [He gives her the
Why I'll not go. Drink, ſhe drinks.

Wom. *How ſweet! oh how it chears my heart!*
O dear! methinks I ſuck my Mother.
Here's t' you, my Love! have t' other Quart,
And then—
Man. ——*What then?*
Wom. ——*And then another.*
Both. *Come, now we're Friends, and all is right.*
Man. *Drink, drink all day:*
Wom. ——*But love at night.*
Both. *Drink, drink all day, but love at night.*
[Both going off lovingly.

Sir Top. Now this is ſomething like a Fanzy: here Friends, there's a couple of Shillings for you to drink.
[*Throws down 2 ſhillings.*

Ch. Fye, Sir *Topewel*, you affront 'em, and us too; they never ſing under a couple of Guineas.

Sir Top. Well then, if they'll come to *Clownish-hall* they ſhall be drunk for a month together— Here, *John*, do thou take up the Shillings, and then fill me t' other Brimmer, you old Cuckold!

Airy. Why, this is treating indeed; let the Ladies but be kind, and there will be *Chere Entiere.*

Ga. Pſhau, my little Hotſpur, the whole kind will be kind, if we are not too kind. They are like Fruits, Man; if they're dear e'en thank your impatience, you might have enough elſe for little or nothing in due ſeaſon; there's plenty and they won't keep; when the Pears are ripe, do [*He ſhakes one of the Women*] but ſhake the Trees, and down they tumble— What ſay'ſt thou of this old grinding Mill, hah!

Rail. Why, I only ſay, that's old; thou ſteal'ſt Traſh out of Books, as impudently as Boys do out of Orchards; nay, the worſt on't is, that like other Thieves thou

ſpoil'ſt

ſpoil'ſt what thou ſteal'ſt, leſt thy Roguery be found out.

Ga. Pſhau, pſhau, a meer Poetic Licenſe, by *Mercury*. The God of Wit is the God of Thieves too. Why, Man, every body ſteals: the Country *Levite* ſteals Sermons, nay the very Invectives he uſes againſt ſtealing: the younger Brother with his pious Dad's abetting ſteals a Fortune, the Hypocrite ſteals a good Name, the common Soldier ſteals Hens and Geeſe, the Commander Towns and Countries, and both, like the cozening Citt, call that *Getting*. The buſy ignorant ſteals a Preferment, and the ſly Cuckold-maker ſteals your Wife.

Rail. And thou thy Speeches.

Ga. I deny the major: I pay for the Books out of which I take 'em, ha, ha, ha!

L. Lov. We'll take a Walk in your Gardens, Sir *Thomas*.

Ga. What are they all a going? A Pox of theſe petticoated Implements; they ſpoil Company worſe than Buſineſs, Politics, or Religion. Well, I'll be with you; but firſt let's ſmoke a Pipe.

[*Exeunt Ld.* Lov. Francelia, Chriſt. Kitty, Rail. *and* Airy.

Manent Sir Tho. *Sir* Top. Illbred, Gaymood, Frankly, *and another Servant.*

Sir Tho. Theſe ſeem clever fellows, Squire? hark you, can they drink?

Ga. Juſt as you talk, Knight.

Sir Top. How's that?

Ga. Why, ſo, ſo; you only talk to promote drinking, and they only drink to promote talking— Where are they now? They cou'd not ſay that's ſtoln! [*Aſide*, Now this is loſt here; meer Pearl before Swine, by *Mercury*.

Sir Top. What ſay'ſt thou, hah?

[*Claps him o'the back.*

Ga. Nothing, nothing, I was only thinking o' ſome of you Country Squires.

[*Sir Top.*

Sir Top. Odſooks one Country Fellow of Threeſcore is worth threeſcore of your ſpindle-ſhankt waſhy finical Town-whipſters, with ſcarce a Penny in their Pockets, or any Pith in their Backs, but the Devil and all of Maggots in their Noddles, and of *Covent-garden* Gout in their Bones.

Ga. Can they—

Sir Tho. Brother, not a word againſt the Country. You Town Changelings are like froward Children; you're always biting your Nurſe: Can you live without the Country?

Sir Top. Well ſaid, e' faith. Now look you, Neighbor, here's no body too much: You ſee my Couſin *Illbred*! Is he not a clever ſort of a body, for an elder Brother? Here's a Man now! I'll warrant him as ſound Wind and Limb as any he of his inches: Odſheart, he'll wear well and live long! [*Claps* Illbred *on the back.*

Ga. Not *live*, but laſt *long*; e' gad, one would ſwear he were commending his Horſe to pack it off to ſome Fool at a Fair. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Top.* He hunts, hawks, or whiſtles, about his ground three hours in a morning, feeds like a Plough-jobber, and drinks like a Tinker: As ſilly as he ſtands he made 14 Lawyers drunk laſt Aſſizes.

Ga. You've a rare Pupil of him.

Sir *Top.* In ſhort you have him as true bred a Countryman as my Worſhip, and wanting nothing but a Wife, by the Pleaſure of Drinking: nor ſhall he want that long, if my Neighbor here is willing to be rid of his eldeſt Daughter; for that's what we come about.

Sir *Tho.* My Daughter *Francelia*! There are more words than one to a Bargain, Sir *Topewel*, my Friend.

Sir *Top.* An you be not willing to get rid of that Cattle, you're the only Man of your mind in ſeven Counties. Why, they are meer Rubbiſh, Father Dry-boots, we muſt pay thoſe that take 'em away. Sir

Sir *Tho.* Ay, marry, but e'ry Man ſhan't be the Scavenger. What, I muſt beſtow my Jewel upon a Fool, an Ideot, a Booby, a ſenſeleſs Clown?

Illb. Odsbobs, I ſhall have her, I'll lay five pounds to a Nut Cracker he means me, for every body calls me ſo. *Aſide.*] Thank you, Father-in-law that's to be.

Sir *Tho.* Adad, Sir, you had beſt keep your Thanks till you have her.

Sir *Top.* Hark you, Neighbor, Mum's the word. I gueſs where the Shoo wrings; you grudge to untye your Purſe-ſtrings to him, you old Micher; now we want none of your Muck.

Sir *Tho.* Humh! I may ſave a Portion! *Aſide*] Adad that's more than I thought.

Sir *Top.* Did I not tell you, you old Hunks, that my Couſin wants nothing but a Wife? See how he ſniggers at it! how arch the young Whoreſon looks! Whee, Man! he's not the Fool you may take him for.

Illb. No more I an't: I'm none of your raking, ſcraping, ſneaking Fools, although I may'nt ſay ſo much where I an't acquainted.

Sir *Top.* Can he be a Fool with three thouſand a year, beſides eighteen hundred more which ſhall be his— When they can no longer be mine.

Ga. He's a Wit, he's a Wit; I'll bring 18 Dedicating Poets will draw their Pens to vouch it to the laſt drop of their Ink, by *Mercury*: But if that won't do, how d' you think I'll make him a Wit?

Sir *Top.* What you'll beggar him, or you'll— ——

Ga. No, ſtay, I'll tell you my ſelf. Firſt, he ſhall read half a ſcore Plays, that is, if he can read: then I'll teach him to make Rebus's, Quibbles, Semiquibbles, Quarter-quibbles, Conundrums, Carwitchets, Longinquopetits, Clinches, Puns———

Sir

Sir *Top.* Heigh day! what's all this?

Ga. Do you know what's Croſs Purpoſes, or Queſtions and Commands.

Sir *Top.* Yes.

Ga. Why Puns, Carwitchets, & *cætera*, are not at all like that— But they are all the wit in faſhion, and as eaſily learn'd as Fornication; your very Country Parſons are as capable of it as any Men.

Illb. I'm ſure that muſt needs be eaſy then: *Suſan*, Siſter's Chambermaid, might teach one that in a quarter of an hour.

Ga. Then he ſhall go to every new Play, and when he hears a good ſharp Kiſs, he ſhall lug out of his Pocket the Terror of Scriblers, that is, a Muſical Inſtrument call'd a Catcall. [*Pulls out a Catcall.*

Sir *Top.* A Catcall!

Ga. Ay, a Catcall egad; with a touch of this, I'll blow you a poor Devil off the Stage in a trice, after he has been a whole year drudging on a Farce.

[*He makes a Noiſe with the Catcall.*

Illb. Ods my heart, I fancy I could do this my ſelf.

[*Takes the Catcall and blows.*

Ga. Look you, he's half a Critic already.

Sir *Top.* Ay, ay, all in good time: but to the point. What ſay you Sir *Thomas*?

Sir *Tho.* I muſt confeſs you bid fair, but I have given my Lord *Lovewell* leave to court her; and then, who knows whether ſhe may fancy the Squire?

Sir *Top.* I'm ſure ſhe'll ſoon like him, he's ſo good natur'd a Lad: he has a Lord's Eſtate, and prithee what's a Title? why, you can no more know ſome young Lords now from Citizens Heirs, than moſt of us from Graziers; then they're ſomewhat apt to outrun the Conſtable they ſay.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* But my Lord's none of thoſe, and loves her well.

Sir *Top.* Ay, now perhaps: but hark you me, when did you hear of a Lord that lov'd his Wife ſix weeks together? Here, *John*; where's *John*? Come Sweet-heart [*To* Frankly] fill me a Streaker of Wine.

Sir *Tho.* Well, you have my leave, Mr. *Illbred*, and I'll do what I can to prevail with my Daughter. I fancy you had beſt ſend her a Letter, and come an hour or two after.

Sir *Top.* So he ſhall; we're a going to Mother *Hamp*'s, he ſhall write it there, and ſend it anon—Here, Huzzy, fill as you love me; fill as 'twere for thy ſelf, and no body by: Odſlooks, fill it full! What's the Brim made for elſe? [*Nods to Sir* Thomas, *and drinks.*] Well, Sir *Thomas*, God be with you.

[*Shakes him hard, and claps him on the back.*

Illb. God b'y t'you, Sir *Thomas!* My Love to your Daughter! I long mightily to be in with her. Thank you for your good Company.

Sir *Tho.* I'll ſee you out, and then I'll go look for her?

[*Exeunt Sir* Tho. *Sir* Top. *Squire* Illbred, *and* Frankly.

Ga. And I for *Railmore*, to tell him what hopeful Bargain's a driving to put my Lord's Noſe out of joynt; then heigh for a juicy Country Laſs! I'm for eaſy work egad; and I fancy the that waited now might do; ſhe's ſomewhat raw that's the truth on't: but we're in the Country, where a kind Wench is as ſcarce as a ſound one in *Covent-garden*: ſhe may mend there like others formerly of no higher rank.

Some, not far off, as ill became their Cloaths,
Who now ſet up for Settlement and Beaux. [*Exit.*

E ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *A Room.*

Enter Gaymood *on one ſide*, Frankly *on the other.*

Ga. OH! here's the Game! what a buxom *Bona Roba* ſhe'll make! Well, I may ſafely venture I hope; yet I have heard of a Town Spark who made a Token of his Kindneſs go round a whole Country Pariſh. My young Maſter pepper'd the Dairy-maid, the Dairy-maid peppered the Groom, the Groom peppered the Chamber-maid, the Chamber-maid peppered his Worſhip, his Worſhip peppered my Lady, my Lady peppered the Parſon, and the Parſon's Wife peppered my young Maſter again! And what a circulation of blood was there! [*aſide.* [*To* Frankly. Hark you, Child, come hither; come, dont be baſhful, that grows out of faſhion now as much as honeſty. She bluſhes; that's a wonder! I thought nothing but *Spaniſh* Wool could make Women red now a days! what's thy Name, my Dear?

Frank. Frances Pinngown, Sir.

Ga. How long haſt thou liv'd here, Child?

Frank. But two days, Sir: I came upon liking, and am to go to morrow. I found they were turning me away, ſo I was reſolv'd I would not ſtay.

Ga. Gad thoſe that don't like thee muſt be more difficult than I.

Frank. There's a deal of Linnen to be waſht, and I an't fit for that work.

Ga. Hark you, come and live with me, do; I've work thou'rt fit for; then there will be but little waſhing, for I wear a Shirt a fortnight.

Frank.

Frank. Maids muſt not live with ſingle Gentlemen, *Sir.*

Ga. Pſhau, pſhau, that's a miſtake, Child. Come, if thou can'ſt but make a Bed I'll teach thee to unmake it: A days thou ſhalt be my Maid, but my Miſtreſs a nights, according to the laudable Cuſtom of City VVidowers and Batchelors.

Frank. Oh! fye, Sir!

Ga. Come and live with me, I ſay, thou'lt live like a little Queen.

Frank. No indeed, Sir, I dare not; I have learnt to know better things: then who'd be ſo fooliſh d'you think, as to hearken to one whom his elder Brother talks of marrying out of hand?

Ga. Why, Child, he may talk on't, but I mind him as little as moſt Daughters do their Mothers: but ſuppoſe I ſhould marry 'twill be the better for thee; for I'll no ſooner have finger'd my VVife's Portion, but I furniſh thee ſtately Lodgings in ſome creditable Houſe, at leaſt a Churchwarden's or a Head Conſtable's; keep thee a Footman and a gilt Chariot, and make thee outſhine a Lord's public Miſtreſs, or a Bankers private Friend.

Frank. Let me go Sir—— You muſt not—let me alone—I can't do as you'd have me—— Piſh! You ſhall never make a Harlot of me. Oh fie, Sir! ſome body ſees you.

Ga. VVhat need you care? you are not to ſtay.

Frank. Not with you if *I* wou'd proſper. [*Runs off.*

Ga. Fool! what way have Chambermaids to proſper but that? [*Exit after her.*

Enter Sir Thomas Gaymood *and* Francelia.

Sir *Tho.* Come, Girls, now *I* have thee aſide, let me ask thee a queſtion; what think'ſt thou of a Husband, hah?

Fran. As moſt VVomen do, Sir.

Fran Which is as good as to ſay thou always think'ſt of it, hah?

Fran. I mean, Sir, I think 'tis dangerous venturing on one

Sir *Tho.* Ay, and more dangerous being without one. VVhy, 'tis as bad as having arable Land lye fallow—— In ſhort I have agreed to marry thee ſpeedily.

Fran. Sir, there needs no haſte; I'm not weary of my condition.

Sir *Tho.* But thy Father's weary of ſeeing thee ſo long courted tho; beſides I fancy a Husband is a kind of a pretty play thing for a Child of thy ſize, heh!

Fran. My Lord has ſpoke to him I find. *Aſide.*] You are reſolved, Sir, to put me to the Bluſh.

Sir *Tho.* So, ſhe ſmiles, I think. Adad, theſe women can as little hide their Joy before Marriage, as we our Sorrow afterwards—— VVell, ſilence gives conſent. It muſt and ſhall be ſo.

Fran. I muſt like what you like, Sir; and would even ſacrifice my inclinations to your pleaſure.

Sir *Tho.* Thou'rt my good Girl! Well, I have ſettled matters to my mind, and thou ſhalt be a Bride to morrow.

Fran. 'Tis very ſudden, Sir, but you're abſolute.

Sir *Tho.* Look you, you'll have a Letter from him juſt now; and he'll come and pay you a Viſit an hour after. 'Tis Squire *Illbred*: Oh he'll make a rare Husband!

Fran. Illbred! my miſtake has undone me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Th.* Prithee what makes thee look ſo odly of a ſudden?

Fran. I am thinking, Sir, that Marriage brings many cares.

Sir *Tho.* Prithee, what cares can Wives have, while their Husbands live, unleſs it be how to cuckold them? Come leave this diſſembling.

Fran. But indeed, Sir, I do not diſſemble.

Sir *Tho.* Humh! Now I underſtand you: You don't miſlike Marriage, Miſtreſs, but the Man you ſhould marry

ry. [*He mimicks her.* I muſt like what you like, Sir; and wou'd even ſacrifice my inclinations to your pleaſure! hah! is't come to that?

Fran. I muſt confeſs, I fear I ſhould live unhappy with ſuch a Man: I'm afraid he is a Fool.

Sir *Tho.* What then? will he make ever the worſe Huſband?

Fran. A meer Clown!

Sir *Tho.* Prithee, who but Clowns love their Wives now a days?— Look you, don't provoke me: you know my humour that's enough: as for my Lord, as he came, ſo let him go; he wants Money, now the Squire wants none. Come along, come along.

Enter Humphry Doddipole.

Hum. What pity 'tis I wa'n't bred a Scholard! I fancys I'd ha' made as good a Man as our Parſon. I ha'n't forgot one word of my Meſſage: I'll ſay't now as if Meeſter's Sweet-heart was by. [*He moves his Hat, and bows awkardly.* Forſooth, Squire *Illbred* remembers his kind Love to you, and has ſent you a Letter. [*He ſtarts, ſeeing* Dol. Hoydon.

Enter Doll. Hoydon.

Hum. Odſnigs, here's my Jade *Doll* that I lov'd ſo once, till ſhe took out *John* the Threſher to dance! I'd as leive ha' met a mad Cow in a narrow Lane.

Dol. What d' you want hah?

Hum. I don't want you, goody Trollop, *I* want to come at your betters.

Dol Marry, come up, Looby! I'll know why you come creeping like a Dog under a door for all your haſte? You come at my betters? I think you're afore your betters now.

Hum. Come, help me to thy Dame's Speech an' thee would'ſt; then go thy ways to *John* the Threſher, like a ſorry hollow hearted dirty Slut as thee art.

Dol

Dol. I care n't an he were hang'd, and you too.

Enter Chriſtina.

Ch. What does this fellow want?

Hum. An't pleaſe you, forſooth; an't pleaſe you, my Meeſter— [*Aſide.* Oh the ſight of this Jade has daunted me ſo, *I* don't know what *I* ſay or do; I've quite and clean forgot my Errand— *I* have a Letter forſooth [*Searches for it*] Odſnigs, either *I* forgot my ſelf, or Meeſter forgot his ſelf— I'm come away without it— No, ſtay, *I* took it of the Parſon. I'll look again. Marry, *I* loſt it— No, marry, but I han't— Ay, marry, *I* have— No marry but *I* han't— Here 'tis; [*Gives it her.* Meeſter gave me ſtrict charge to give it Sir *Thomas*'s handſomeſt Daughter, forſooth.

Ch. aſide.] We ſeldom think others handſomer than our ſelves— Let ſee— 'Tis for my Siſter; but dear Curioſity, Woman's favourite Vice, cannot be withſtood— I'll open it— heigh day! what ſtuffs this? o'th my word the Parſon's unlawful Iſſue tho the Booby Squire fathers it.

Hum. An you'll ſend an anſwer by me, forſooth, I'll deliver it ſafe to Meeſter (I can deliver a Meſſage paſſing well, you ſee) Elſe he bade me tell you, he'll come for't anon, he's ſomewhat buſy at preſent.

Ch. Where is he?

Hum. Why, if you muſt know, forſooth, I left him hard at it, ſmoaking his Pipe yonder at Mother *Humps.*

Ch. Nay, then he's buſy indeed; ſtay, I'll bring you an anſwer preſently. [*Exit* Chriſtina.

Hum. Well, and what buſineſs had you to ſtand and ſtare in a body's face, and put a body out? I ne're was half ſo ſham'd in my born days, not *I.*

Dol. What did you caſt a Sheep's Eye at me for?

Hum.

Hum. Becauſe I was a Fool I think. O' my Conſcience you're nothing in the varſal world but miſchief: But if e're I ſet Eyes on thee again while I have breath to draw, may the Crows come and peck 'em out!

Doll. And ſo ſay I: Goodb'y t'ye. [*Going, caſts a look at him.*

Hum. What doſt look at me ſo for?

Doll. What d'you look on me for? [*Weeps, and wipes her Eyes with her Apron.*

Hum. What doſt thou cry for? Oh! 'tis a peerleſs Jade!

Dol. Oh that I ſhould live to be us'd thus!

Hum. Why did you ſerve me ſo then with that ſneaking Whelp *John* the Threſher, who's no more to compare d' you ſee (thof I ſay't, that ſhou'd not ſay't) than a Hog's to a Bullock? —— You know I would ha' broken Silver with you once, but that the plaguy Collectors had not left one broad Shilling in the County.

Dol. I only took him out to try thee, *Humphry.*

Hum. I'll be hang'd then, and my Horſe too.

Dol. Nay, prithee don't pout, *Humphry*; don't ſpoil that ſweet face of thine: if *I* e're do ſo again, may I be churning and churning all days o' my Life, and Butter ne're come.

Hum. Ay, marry, hang you; I'll truſt you no further than *I* can hurl you.

Dol. Don't be dumpiſh, *Humphry*, I'll dance with you now; we've Minſtrels hard by.

Hum. Not *I*, e'en dance with ſomebody elſe, and thou woud'ſt.

Dol. Well then *I* will, *Humphry*; any thing to pleaſe poor *Humphry Doddipole.*

[*Exit. and Re-enters with Fidlers, Country Lads and Laſſes.*

Hum. Oh that *John* the Threſher ſticks plaguily in my Gizzard ſtill.

Hum.

A Country Dance.

Hum. Oh brave *Doll. Hoydon!* That wag of the Buttock has won my heart. [*Runs and kiſſes her.*

[*Exeunt Dancers and Muſick.*

Re-enter Chriſtina.

Dol. Be quiet! [*Aloud, ſeeing* Chriſtina —— Here's Miſtreſs [*Aſide to him.* Can't you let a body alone?

[*Aloud, and then Exit.*

Chr. *I* find every body has his own little private buſineſs in this world! *Aſide.*] Here, fellow, give thy Maſter this. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Hum. *I* will, forſooth: This is a lucky day. Ods me, *I* warrant this good News will renew Father's Leaſe for nothing. [*Exit* Hum.

Enter Railmore.

Ch. Mr. *Railmore,* juſt now this thing, in the ſhape of a Letter, was ſent by my Lord's new Rival, the Squire you ſaw here. *I* was taken for my Siſter, and as ſhe hates him, and *I* have a reſpect for your Friend, *I* ſent a ſhort drolling anſwer, in her Name, as kind as a Billet Doux writ by a Town Beau to himſelf.

Rail. *I* hope he'll make it as public, be as little believ'd and worſe us'd: Look you, Madam, you do well; 'tis your intereſt to diſappoint the Squire; for, after all, were my Lord diſmiſt, *I* gueſs you muſt ſtay for a Husband as long as ſhe'll be teiz'd with ſuch Fools. Be generous then as all the world is, and be thank'd for obliging your ſelf; but you muſt do more.

Chr. What's to be done?

Rail. Write two or three Lines as from your Siſter to my Lord, as it were to aſſure him, that tho ſhe weds the Squire ſhe'll favor his Lordſhip ne're the leſs. I'll take care the Uncle and the Nephew ſhall ſee it inſtantly. I've already ſet ſome other Engines at work?

Ch.

Ch. But what if my Siſter hears of this? I'm ſure ſhe'll not only diſown it utterly; but will hardly forgive my Lord.

Ra. He muſt know nothing of it himſelf, till it has taken Effect; then we'll eaſily reconcile 'em, if ſhe hears on't, and, like other Women, ſeems angry for being pleas'd.

None can a Good, tho got by Tricks, diſdain,
When others reap the Blame, and ſhe the Gain. [Exeunt.

Enter Kitty *and* Frankly.

Frank. I ha'n't had an Opportunity to ask you, Why you're ſo Melancholy, Madam? I love you better than any Body, ſo nothing could pleaſe me more than to ſee you chearful.

Kit. Thank you, good *Fanny*, but you can't make me ſo.

Frank. You may be miſtaken, Madam; come, do but diſcover the Cauſe of your Sadneſs to me, and if I don't ſerve you effectually, may I never deſerve a Lady's good Opinion!

Kit. What wou'd you have me ſay? I proteſt I don't know why I'm ſo.

Frank. Oh! that's a Jeſt; but we Maids are ſo baſhful! Come, I fancy, your Secret will out the more kindly, if I ask you a few Queſtions. Are you not in Love? Nay, I my ſelf would be one of the firſt to laugh at you, if you did not know what 'tis to love.

Kit. Well, don't laugh at me, good *Fanny*, I know what 'tis well enough, but my Siſter muſt not know of it for the World.

Frank. Good! I like you now: Plain-dealing becomes us Maids, when we're among our ſelves, no leſs than Diſſimulation before Men: Come then, be free, and believe I'll keep your Secret as well as your Lover himſelf.

Kj. But why don't you ask me Queſtions then, *Fanny*, that I may anſwer you?

Frank. That's well ſaid! you love ſome young Gentleman, do you not?

Kj. When I was at *London*, there us'd to come with my Couſin *Will Gaymood* a pretty fine dreſt Gentleman, who came from the College; his Name's Mr. *Frankly*.

Frank. And do you love him very well?

Kj. I lov'd him mightily then, but I did not tell him ſo; for, they ſay, We muſt not tell Men our Mind till they find it out; yet I fancy he gueſt it, for, he promis'd me he wou'd come, or let me hear from him; But he has not done it. Now as my Siſter threatens me with a Nunnery——

Frank. Pray go on, I'm impatient, to know the reſt.

Kj. I am aſham'd; I had rather you wou'd ask me Queſtions, *Fanny*.

Frank. I fear you've got a new Lover in his Abſence.

Kj. I vow, I could not help it, *Fanny*. But I'm mightily concern'd, and don't know what to do; for he is to come to me by and by, and I am afraid my Siſter ſhou'd ſee him with me. Now, if thou wouldſt help me a little, good *Fainy*.

Frank. I had rather ſerve t'other; but what's this new one's Name?

Kj. Major *Buff*; I like him but ſo ſo, but he teez'd me, and would not let me alone till I had promis'd to meet him; and any thing is better than a Nunnery, you know. Yet I would not have talk'd to him had Mr. *Frankly* come to me.

Frank. The Abſent are always in the Wrong, I find.

Ki. But, *Fanny*, there's Doctor *Kill-clown* too, whom I promis'd to meet; and I'm mightily afraid they'll come at the same Time.

Frank. Another Appointment! a forward Child, truly! But why did you appoint him at the same Time?

Ki. What shall I say to you? I did not think on't: I'm so concern'd for Mr. *Frankly*'s not coming, and so afraid of the Nunnery, that I don't know what I do: But as I grow older I hope I shall manage things better, and have more Wit.

Frank. More Wit! why you're a Prodigy already! But, what if Mr. *Frankly* shou'd come at last? For, I am sure he'll come, since he promis'd; I know him.

Ki. Oh! let me kiss thee again and again for that dear, dear *Fanny* [*kisses* Frankly.] Well, is he not a pretty sweet Man? Methinks he favours thee mightily.

Frank. He's well enough, I think: But, wou'd you marry him if he cou'd get you out in Page's Cloaths, and had a Parson ready?

Ki. Heh! truly, I know nothing to the contrary, *Fanny*. Yet there's another pretty fine Gentleman——

Frank. Another yet!

Ki. That's all indeed, *Fanny*: One Mr. *Airy*: I'm sure you would like him, *Fanny*: But yet dear Mr. *Frankly* was my first Love, and if I were but as sure he wou'd come——

Enter Airy *and* Gaymood.

Ai. As you are sure of a Kiss. [Kitty *and* Franly *shriek and exeunt*.]

Ga. You have lost her, and I my little Chamber-Utensil: Well, no matter for that, I've had her already Boy, tho she seems so skittish now. Egad, true Modesty is as great a Stranger to these Chambermaids, as to a Midwife, a Hedge-Poet, or a Side-Box Mask, by *Mercury*.

Ai. Well, let's go find out *Railmore*: You say you'll serve my Lord, *Sam*, and help us to defeat the Squire his new Rival.

Ga. Fear not, I'll do't, tho 'twere but to fret my covetous old Brother, be reveng'd of the Uncle, and laugh at the Nephew: I long to do some good generous Action worthy being Chronicled, This shall be the first, Egad; and if the Fool shou'd marry my Neice, to make it more meritorious, I'd drink him dead in Three Months. What a Pox, do you think I've no Conscience? I shall save nothing by old *Thomas*'s saving a Portion, and Nephew for Nephew, I'd rather have a witty Lord than a foolish Squire, by *Mercury*.

Ai. A Pox of all such Men of Clay and no Sense! They are the Terror of those who want only to be marry'd to raise Portions and pay Debts. Women shou'd be oblig'd not to tie such rich Fools better than if they had Merit and nothing else: But then

How many Heirs wou'd sue, while none wou'd grant!
How many Nymphs wou'd their best Bubbles want!

[Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE *A Walk.*

Enter Gaymood, *with* Airy; *and* Christina *meeting.*

Ga. How now, Mad-Cap, whither so fast?

Ch. Not to look for you, my Wife Uncle, you may be sure. I'm looking for my Lady Single. Do you know which way she went?

Ga. Look

Ga. Look you, you know the Paſſage that leads to the Stairs that are on the Right-Hand, near the Back Yard, as you go up to the Gallery, don't you?

Ch. Ay, ay, What then?

Ga. Why, ſhe did not go that way—that's all [*laughs.*] you did not look for that neither, Ha, ha, ha!

Ch. Dear Unkle, will you never leave this Folly?

Ga. Ay, ay, Child, when it leaves me, and thou thy ſelf art wiſer: Come, like to like; ſtay with us, and be Company; hang thinking! Too much Reflexion is the Folly of the Learned.

Ch. Ay, and too little Reflexion the Folly of the Ignorant.

Ga. Ignorant! Why, I don't trouble my ſelf with what's paſt or what's to come. I enjoy the preſent, and let the World rub, and who wiſer than *Sam*?

Ch. You do well to praiſe your ſelf, Sir.

Ga. Ay, ſeeing no Body will do it for me, Madam! *Pſhaw*, 'tis the Faſhion now: Shew me the Man that never talk'd ill of others, nor well of himſelf, and I'll be bound to ſhew thee a Plain-dealing Courtier, a Peace-making Lawyer, a ſilent Woman, an honeſt Taylor, a witty Alderman, a——

Ai. A what?

Ga. Nay, Faith, I can't tell what: Help me out if you can.

Ai. Why, you are never out nor in, Man. Neither will you give me leave to put in a Word, or be happy in exchanging a Speech or two with this Lady.

Ga. Nay, now I think on't, thou haſt not had thy ſhare of Talk, this *one* Time: Well, make thy ſelf amends, if thou canſt: Come, let me ſee you box about a little amorous Non-ſenſe; for 'tis what you would be at.

Ai. Can a Man talk of any thing but Love, when there's ſo ſtrong an Incentive to it before him?

Ch. Why,

Ch. Why, Unkle, would you have me be a Courting-Stock?

Ai. You need not, Madam, if you're willing to be in earneſt.

Ch. That would not be fair, Mr. *Airy*, for I fancy Love it ſelf is a Jeſt.

Ai. Then give me Leave to paſs that Jeſt upon you; there can be no harm in a little Jeſting.

Ch. I'm not much inclin'd to find Fault with a Jeſt, provided it be not carried too far.

Ai. What think you of Platonic Love?

Ch. That's a Jeſt indeed, but 'tis a dull one.

Ai. Shall I court you like an eldeſt Son, ſold by his Father to redeem a Mortgage?

Ch. That Courtſhip is indeed much in faſhion, but there's no Jeſt in it.

Ai. Shall I court you then like ſome firſt-rate Spark, between a Rake and a Beau; a pleaſant modern Medly, like Punch; for there's the ſtrong and the inſipid, with the ſweet and the ſharp?

Ch. That will go down better than the reſt, but 'tis a dangerous Mixture, and not fit for common uſe: However, I'll venture on a Taſte to try your Skill.

Ga. By the Bleſſing of Freedom, I'll ſtay on the Stage, and will ſee that Scene for nothing.

Ai. I bar that, Sir, *No Perſon to ſtand on the Stage.*

Ga. The Play-Bill ſays ſo, but we'll ſuppoſe 'tis the Poet's Day; beſides, we Beaux will ſhew our ſelves to the Audience, in ſpight of the Bill and the Audience.

Ai. Ay, tho ſome of you are as dirty Beaux as your ſelf.

Ga. Egad, I'll clap that Jeſt. [*he claps*] We Wits and Beaux love to be ſatiriz'd in a Prologue; but if you don't begin, now 'tis over, I'll hiſs.

Ai. Well,

Ai. Well, Madam, ſuppoſe me one of thoſe Sparks juſt coming to ſee you, and your ſelf one of thoſe airy Women of Honour they court *en paſſant.*

Gayhood *and* Chriſtina *ſit,* Airy *comes forwards, ſeemingly fuddled; humming a Song and combing his Wig; then ſtops and ſpeaks as to a Servant.*

Ai. Solyman, [*ſpeaks affectedly and in another Tone*] Tell the Coachman I won't diſcharge him theſe eight Hours, let the Dog drive away and loſe his Fare, if he will——— Demme, Madam, you're a very happy Perſon; you don't know, perhaps, that I've been peeping into every Coach in the Park for you, ferretting the Boxes at both Houſes, refus'd to go to *Le Begue*'s with Three or Four Rakes of Honour, balk'd poor my Lady *Love-all*, who ſtay'd for me to hand her out of the King's Box, and Two Masks, who waited for me by the *Chocolate-houſe*; I'm ſure they're Quality; and at laſt I've been forc'd to drive hither. Confound me, if I did not break the Coachman's Head for his Fare, becauſe the Raſcal did not keep a Lover's Pace.

Ch. Oh your Servant [*ſpeaking affectedly*] ſweet Mr. *Airy*; I eaſily believe you've been Side-Glaſſing in the Park, Side-boxing at the Play-Houſe, Acting in the Pit, nay on the Stage too, but no more for me, I dare ſwear, than for any Human Thing in Petticoats. Some little forgetful Mask has diſappointed the no leſs forgetful Mr. *Airy*, and I may thank her for this Viſit.

Ai. No, demme, Madam, I begin to leave off Masks; they are grown doubly dangerous of late. [*Sits down in an odd careleſs Poſture*] But, pray, why han't you a Couch here?

Ch. A Couch! Bleſs me! A Couch! What for?

Ai. Is

Ai. Is that a Queſtion to be ask'd a Gentleman? why, for many Uſes, my Dear, tho' 'twere but to loll on. [*lolls, picking his Teeth.*]

Ch. Spoken *en Gallant Homme*, as I'm a Chriſtian; reſpectful and civil to amazement! Hark you, Spark, are you ſtill as mad as you us'd to be?

Ai. I was juſt going to ask you the ſame Queſtion. But hark you, han't I forgot to tell you how damnably I love you?

Ch. Love me! Bleſs me! how abruptly you expoſe a Declaration of Love! This is the firſt happy Moment I ever heard of it, as I'm a Chriſtian.

Ai. Yet I'm confoundedly in Love with you to Day. But we young Fellows are all ſo full of *Mercury*, and one Thought drives out another—

Ch. Juſt as one Miſtreſs drives out another.

Ai. No, I'm a Dog if I don't think I ſhall love you even after I am dead. There's ſomething in you ſo janty, ſo je-ne-ſcay-quoyiſh! Tho methinks you look worſe to Day than ever I ſaw you look in my Life! Why don't you lay on a little more Red? Stay, is that your Hair or a Tour?

Ch. O good Mr. Whatd'you call, for Gad-ſake don't look upon me to Day; I'm not a Creature: I ſhould have kept my Bed, as Sir *Fimical Self-love* does, to reſt my Features: I've been ſo ſick theſe Two Nights, that inſtead of cauſing a Love without Remedy, I'm a meer Remedy for Love.

Ai. 's Blood, Madam, what what d'you mean to ſpeak thus of the fineſt Woman in *England*, and my Miſtreſs too? I'm only afraid you're fallen in love with ſome ſtarch'd Fop, in Love with no Body but himſelf. Well, Woe be to him when I know him! I'll do his Buſineſs: Demme, I hate a Fop.

Ch. What, are you jealous?

Ai. O

Ai. Oh, like a Devil, 'tis the beſt Quality I have.

Ch. 'Tis true, a Doſe of Jealouſie rouſes up your ſleepy Paſſion, juſt for the World, as a Pinch of Snuff revives the Senſes: But the Remedy loſes its effect when often us'd.

Ai. Gad you're witty! *Never let her be your Wife.* [*ſings.*] Now you talk of Snuff, do you take any? Here's the beſt plain Duſt ever came from *Sevil!* I begin to leave it off; I take but Twice or Thrice this *little* Box full every Day--Look on the Inſide, 'tis prettily painted.

Ch. O hideous! *I* look on your filthy obſcene Box! I would not touch it for the World.

Ai. Look you, 'tis to ſhew you I love to be free and *ſans façon.* When ſhall you and I dine at *Pontac*'s or the *Rummer?*

Ch. Ruder than Rudeneſs it ſelf! what, talk of Taverns to a Woman of Condition, Monſter!

Ai. Pſhau, I go there every Day, with Twenty that are as Nice as your Ladiſhip. Let's ſee that *Indian* Fan, I fancy it turns two ways, and has as pretty Figures on the Inſide as my Box.

Ch. You ſhall no more ſee it than I wou'd your Box: Fans are as uſeful to us for Action, and when we've nothing to ſay, as your Boxes are to you. Fie, Gallanting of Fans is as much out of Faſhion as Gallantry.

Ai. But not tearing of 'em, to get you to ſome *Indian* Houſe, on pretence to give you better. Throl lollolol! [*hums a Song, and tears the Fan.*

Ch. What, I ſuppoſe you've a Mind I ſhould ask you to Sing?

Ai. Why the Devil don't you then? Gad, I fancy you are as fond of being ask'd as I. Why, you ſing almoſt as well as I do. Come, let's ſing the laſt Dialogue our Maſter ſet.

DIALOGUE.

Man. *Hark you, Madam, can't I move you?*
why the Devil do you run?

Ha'n't I told you twice I love you?
come then, kiss me, or I'm gone.

Wom. *Foh! I hate a Rakish Lover,*
Do not discompose my Dress:
Good familiar Spark, give over!
how on Quality you press!

Man. *From the Countess to the Cit,*
ev'ry Beauty for me dies:
Demme, why should I submit
to doat on this Woman's Eyes!

Wom. *Fifty Beaux expire for me,*
ogling, sighing all the Day;
Yet not one dares be so free,
tho they let me win at Play.

Man. *Sure we Rakes can better move you;*
see this Shape and Leg, my Dear!
In one Minute more I'll love you
than those Fops can in a Year.

Wom. *But your Love will soon be over.*

Man. *Then you'll get a fresher Lover.*
Come, to Bed! I long t'embrace.

Wom. *Leave my Hand!*

Man. ——*Then lend your Face!*
First the Hand, and then the Face,
Then the Breast,
And then the rest,
Then the Breast, and then——

Wom. ——*The Face.* [Gives him a slap 'o the Face.

Man. *'s Death, I've a good mind to beat you;*
No; to vex you more, I'll go.
Thus I puff you—I'll go say,
I refus'd your Love to Day.

Wom. *Then I'll say how I did treat you.*

Both together. Man. *None will believe you cou'd do so.*
Wom. *All will believe I us'd you so.*

Ai. Pret-

Ai. Pretty well, pretty well, all but that damn'd Slap on the Face—Well, I ſhall run mad for you in Two Days, that's certain.

Ch. Poor Mr. *Airy!* what, gone ſo far of a ſudden?

Ai. 'Tis the Faſhion now: What, wou'd you have me court like a formal Cit, or freeze you with dull whining Stuff, and die in Simile like a meer Beau? We brisk Fellows puſh on in Love as in War, egad. Towns muſt quickly yield or be inſulted with Bombs, that ruine them as Slander does Reputation, Demme.

Ch. O fie! the intolerable Preſumption of Fellows! Had not you better make the Campaign in *Flanders* than in *Pelmel* and at the *Wells* and *Bath?*

Ai. Pox, I play'd away my Equipage-Mony at Piquet, and that damn'd Baſſette—But tell me, dear Creature, how long muſt I ſtill ſigh in vain for you?

Ch. Exceeding Pretty, as I'm a Chriſtian! Why, you have not begun yet, that I know of.

Ai. What a Pox, do you reckon this Viſit nothing?

Ch. When you can be conſtant, perhaps I may think you deſerve Encouragement.

Ai. 's Death, at that rate I might wait long enough, Child! I find I muſt ſtorm the Out-works, in order to a General Aſſault—Thus then I inveſt the Town, my fair Enemy. [*Embraces her.*

Ch. Nay then 'tis Time to call for Relief—Who's there? Unkle! What were you aſleep? [Gaymood *ſtarts up.*

Ga. You may ſwear it, or how cou'd I have been ſo long without talking? Pox, this Wine is got into my Head! Well, what's the Matter?

Ch. When a Woman begins to cry out, you may believe the Jeſt is over.

Ai. Why, 'twas but juſt going to begin.

Ch. I find we've jeſted too long, I muſt leave you. [*exit*

Ai. I fear I have, for I muſt follow you in earneſt. [*exit*

Ga. Jeſt or Earneſt, 'tis all one to *Sam:* If he's caught let him take it for his Pains: They ſay there's no fooling with the Devil, but I fancy that Saying will hardly hold good of Women, Egad.

Bewitching Woman's a reſiſtleſs Evil,
The Devil fools us, but ſhe'd fool the Devil.

[Exit.

Enter Railmore, *ſeemingly drunk,* *Sir* Tope, *and* Ilbred, *with his Sleeves tuck'd up, as from the Club*

Sir *To.* Nay, ſince you've got your Load elſewhere, and won't ſtay, prethee tell us here, in good ſober Senſe?

Ra. Then, in no ſober Senſe, if this Nephew of thine has her, he'll be a Cuckold; 'twou'd be a Shame if he were not, he has the beſt Qualifications for't, and wants that to be in the Faſhion.

Il. Heighday! I'll warrant you then, your *Londoners* have brought up that Faſhion, theſe dead Times, for want of Trade; a Cuckold!

Ra. Ay, or a Husband, that's all one, I think: Look you, you Put, I'll ſtand to what I ſay. [*reeling, flings down a Letter, the Squire takes it up*] Canſt thou read Squire? Here's a Letter, I took it up by Chance; from whom and to whom d'you think it is, hah?

Il. Ods me, 'tis from *Francelia!* 'Tis the ſame Hand as mine: Let ſee------[*he reads ſcurvily*] My dear Lord, tho your *Francelia* is condemned to marry a Fool---(that's me) you may help her to revenge on him the Wrong that's done you----In ſpight of all ſlaviſh Bonds, ſhe vows to be my Lord *Lovewel's* while ſhe is *Francelia*---Ods bobs! who'd ha' thought it?

Sir *To.* May the Curſe of ſmall Beer, in an Evening light on me, if I don't go and rattle her to ſome Tune anon!

Ra.

Ra. Hang her, Man! ne're go to her, 'twill ſpight her more: Beſides, my Lord is a bloody-minded Devil, he makes no more of killing a Man than a Doctor of Phyſic does.

Sir *To.* Odſooks, 'tis all a Caſe, I'll go —— but I'll conſider on't firſt.

Enter Major Buff.

Ma. Odsbobs, Sirs, why d'you leave us ſo? you're Three Bumpers behind-hand. There's Juſtice *Dolt* ſwears at you like any Carrier in a Slough. Come, Maſter of mine, come in; don't ſtand here holding of a Parley.

Ra. Not I; I am not ſuch a Sot; I have enough: I'd as ſoon go to a County-Feaſt, or a Punning Club at *London*.

Ma. Why, there are not ſo many Fools here as at *London*, Friend of mine!

Ra. There are fewer Fools here indeed, becauſe there are fewer People.

Ma. Odsbobs, that ſhan't ſerve turn, you ſhall drink with us for all that.

Ra. I'd ſooner go back to *London* among the Rable for, there tolerable Wine at leaſt is had, in good Rooms, if not in good Company; but here your Room is wretched, your Liquor bad, and your Company abominable; and ſo farewel, Brother Sots. [*Exit.*

Sir *To.* Well, go thy waies, Nutmeggrater! what pity 'tis, Major *Buff*, that ſuch a tart witty Knave can't drink!

Enter Plot, *dreſt like a Gipſie. Two or Three Gipſies.*

Plot. I tell you your Fortune, you pretty Man; you live well, you be good Fortune.

Ma. What Vermin ha'we here? Gipſies! nay then mind your Pockets.

Plot. An angry one, an angry one!

Il. Gad,

Il. Gad, Unkle, they ſhall tell me my Fortune, for all that, but I'll mind 'em.

Plot. Ay, preſently; croſs you my Hand with one piece of Silver, I tell you all then.

Il. Here 'tis, old *Egypt!* [*gives him Mony.*

Plot. Let me ſee your Head! Oh the good ſtrong Head, fit for the Country Juſtice!

Il. What! tell a Man's Fortune by his Head?

Plot. Yes, we tell the Lawyer the Fortune by both the Hands, the pretty Woman by the Eye, the Lover by the long Noſe, the Drunkard by the Copper-Noſe, the Dancing-Maſter by the Foot, the Taylor by the Calves of the Leg, the Alderman by the Forehead, and you by the whole Head together.

Il. Why, what doſt thou take me for then?

Plot. Let ſee! You no be the Gentleman.

Il. How! no Gentleman?

Plot. No, but you be the Squire.

Il. Oh ho! well, I'll try your Skill e'Faith. Come, when wan't I well laſt, hah?

Plot. You have not been well lately.

Il. Now thou'rt a greater Lyar than *Patridge*'s Almanack.

Plot. No, I ben't, I ſee by your Hand that 'twas—the Itch.

Il. The Itch! Thou lyeſt like the Devil's Tooth-Drawer.

Plot. I mean the Itch of Love. You be troubled with it yet. You love the very fine Woman, but you be jealous of her, and will not have her for fear——

Il. Hum! if thou canſt but tell me how old I am, I'll believe thou knoweſt whether ſhe wou'd be honeſt or no.

Plot. Let me ſee your Mouth! How old was you when your Father Dy'd?

Il. Sixteen.

Plot. Don't ſtir! and 'tis now ſince he dy'd.

Il. Five Years.

Plot. Look you, I find that if you marry this Woman that

that you deſign to court to Day, you be one very great Cuckold by ſome great Perſon; but if you not go to her, and take no notice at all, you ſoon will have another more to your Mind, with great deal Mony; but this is not to bring you one Croſs: And for a Proof of this, I will tell you your Age as you ask me——You be——you be——juſt One and twenty, as I find by your Mouth.

Sir Top. *ſtops* Plot, Ilbred *and Major* Buff *run after the Gipſies. The Gipſies ſteal off, having firſt pick'd* Ilbred's *Pockets and Sir* Topewel's.

Sir *To.* Odſooks, the *Gipſies* ha' pick'd my Pocket——ſtop 'em, I have one faſt——Ah Rogues! You tell Fortunes, but cou'd not tell your own. You ſhall be truſt up next Aſſizes, hang'd in Chains, and ſhewn for a right *Egyptian* Mummy.

Plot. Good Sir, hear me! As I'm an honeſt Man, 'twas not I pickt your Pocket; beſides, I'm no Gypſie, an't pleaſe you. Oh! Good your Worſhip, let me go; I'll diſcover a Plot to you.

Sir *To.* A Plot! no more Plots, we've had too many already.

Plot. 'Tis a Plot againſt Squire *Ilbred* to fool him out of his Miſtreſs.

Re-enter Ilbred *and* Major.

Il. Fool me! The beſt Lord in the Land make a Fool of me, I won't marry.

Ma. The Devil helps theſe ſame Gypſies, they were too nimble for us.

Sir *To.* Nay, now I ſmell a Rat; well, ſpeak Truth and thou ſhalt go free.

Plot. I am my Lord *Lovewel's* Man, Sir, ſet on by Mr. *Railmore*, who e'en now, pretending to be drunk, got you out, and kept you a talking till he law us, to give me an Opportunity to make the Squire believe he'll be a Cuckold if he marries Mrs. *Francelia*: He was to

ſhew

ſhew you a Letter; that's a ſham-one, upon my Honour, as well as that the Squire receiv'd.

Sir *To.* Why, this was no Sham-Plot tho; this was a Plot indeed: Well, I ſet thee free for this Diſcovery; but canſt thou not tell me more?

Plot. I ſhall be turn'd away, Sir.

Sir *To.* Come, fear not; we'll provide for thee.

Plot. Well, you are ſuch good natur'd Gentlemen that it goes againſt my Heart to ſee you deceiv'd. I will tell you, whatever comes on't.

Sir *To.* I'll reward thee to thy own Content; believe me, I am no Courtier.

Plot. You muſt know, my Lord is to marry Mrs. *Franzelia* very privately to Night; not that ſhe hates the Squire, but becauſe my Lord is a Lord, I think: I know no other Reaſon; for I know ſome Women that have ſtaid Twelve Years for a Lord, and now wou'd be glad to take up with a Squire, or any thing. Now I fancy I could put your Worſhip in a way to put his Noſe out of Joint, but——

Sir *To.* Come, but me no Buts! ſerve him, and I'll do thy Buſineſs; thy Lord himſelf ſhan't live better than thou ſhalt. Couſin, give him ſome of the Broad Pieces thou haſt for a Taſte.

Il. Odſme! they're all Gipſied away: My Pocket has been gutted already. Well, till anon, take this Ring, and that Tobacco Box. [*gives 'em to* Plot.

Plot. Pray excuſe me, Sir; I hate to take any thing for doing good——won't this look like a Bribe?—Theſe real Gipſies, whom I got to come with me, could not forbear ſtealing——Your Worſhip's moſt humble Servant—Well, I believe I might eaſily convey you, when 'tis dark, into the Room by the Hall, where my Lord intends to be married to your Miſtreſs, unknown to any Body but my ſelf and the Chaplain; there won't be ſo much as a Light, and they are to whiſper all the while, for fear Sir *Thomas* ſhould come and ſpoil all.

Il. O rare! We'll come, we'll come.

Plot. 'Twill be dark about an Hour hence, Sir, I'll wait for you near the Hall, but then you muſt be very private: Your Worſhip's moſt humble Servant. [*Ex. Pl.*

Sir *To.* Now, Lads, let's go Drink! [*Going.*

Enter Lord Lovewel *and* Airy.

Ai. Here they are!

L. *Lov.* A Word with you, Sir. [*Stopping* Illbred.

Sir *To.* Make haſte then, for we're a dry.

L. *Lov.* I hear, you raiſe your Pretences to a Lady, whom I Court with her Father's Conſent.

Sir *To.* Ay, and he ſhall Wed her, and Bed her with my Conſent, and her Father's Conſent. Do you come to be Invited to the Wedding?

L. *Lov.* No, we come to forbid the Banes, Sir, and to deſire you to deſiſt.

Il. But what if I wont, Sir?

L. *Lov.* Then I muſt try to make you.

Ma. So, here's like to be otherguess fighting than we have on our Muſter-Days: I'll go get a Reinforcement, and then boldly march up—in the Reer of it. [*Aſide.* Exit.

L. *Lov.* You wear a Sword, Sir!

Il. Nay, 'tis but a Hanger neither. Look you, I a'n't for Single Rapier; we ſcorn your little Spit-frog Play: That's a *French* Trick: But for Wreſtling, Cudgels, or good downright Backſword ſlaſhing, may haps I won't turn my Back to the beſt Maſter of the Science in the County.

L. *Lov.* Why, that's only fit for Butchers and Hedge-Fencers, to fight ſham Prizes before a Bear-Garden Rabble.

Il. I'll Drink with you for her then, and Unkle will be my Second.

L. *Lov.* Sir, if you wou'd ſhow your ſelf a Gentleman, get a Sword and ——

Il. My Bay Gelding ſhall run with the beſt Horſe in your Stable for her, three Heats, Weight him and Inch him —— Methinks I ſhou'd not want Courage, I drink Stout and Cherry-Brandy e'ry Day. [*Aſide.*

Sir *To.* Odſſooks, ſay no more, Cuz, Lug out, we'll make their hollow Blades fly in ſhatters about their Coxcombs.

Ai. Say you ſo, Sir? Then have at yours. [*They draw and fight: Sir* Top. *and* Ilb. *give way till the Clowns come, then they come forward, and are, by a Miſtake, knock'd down by their Party, and crawl off: The Clowns are beaten off the Stage.*

Enter Humphrey *and two Clowns with Flails and Quarter-ſtaffs,* Major Buff *behind 'em, Hallowing, and Parſon* Humdrum *while they are fighting.*

Hum. Odsnigs, Thraſh 'em thick and threefold; have among you blind Harpers, fall Back fall Edge.

Parſ. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, *Pax eſt bona res,* ſays a Learned Father; Peace is a good Thing; Knock 'em down, *Humphrey,* Peace is a good Thing: Knock 'em down, *Humphrey.* [Exit *with the Clowns.*

Ai. Come, my Lord, we've got the Day, as moſt Generals do, by Chance; You'll ſcarce be made one, tho' we ſhou'd win t'other Battle; ſo, let's away to think of other means to defeat your Rival effectually; for, after all, he's but the more dangerous for being a Blockhead.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lady Single; *with a Book in her Hand; her Woman at a Diſtance.*

La. Oh, why do we complain we live too little! When ev'n the Wiſe want ſomething more than Wiſdom to fill up the long uſeleſs Blanks of Life! Tir'd by our ſelves, with others ſoon uneaſie, a while with Books we trifle Time away; but ev'n that ſolitary Pleaſure grows inſipid, and often wakes the Cares it ſhould beguile; whereas, he that knows nothing, doubts of nothing! So, *Cowley*, thou ſay'ſt right, — and *Life is an incurable Diſeaſe.*

Enter Railmore.

Ra. Pardon me, Madam, if I am ſo ſelfiſh as to break in upon your Meditations! Hearing that my Lord and Mr. *Airy* were gone to the Club, *I* was walking this way till they come back; for *I* gueſs they'll hardly be able to ſtay there longer than *I* did: Well, *I* ſhould be ſicker yet of the Country than of *London*, were there no better Society there.

La. You'll find that ſcarce enough, *I* doubt, Mr. *Railmore.*

Ra. Yes, Madam, yet ſome few Men and Women of Sence, *I* hope will make me amends.

La. Women here! Why, Romances, Chaplains and Simplicity, or rather Ruſticity, ſpoil more of 'em for Converſation, than Affectation does at *London.*

Ra. Nay, as for Simplicity, Madam, 'tis a Stranger to this Family at leaſt; if 'tis not one in ſo fair a Lady as your ſelf to be an Enemy to Man.

La. Not while Man is ſuch an Enemy to Woman.

Ra. 'Tis pity you're ſo prejudic'd againſt us all; for ſome one might have Lov'd you on the Square, and thus have prevented that Rough, Scornful, Melancholick Air that frightens away the Love your Face and Sence attract.

La. What, do you believe Love makes us more agreeable, Mr. *Railmore?*

Ra. Certainly, Madam, it wears away gently all our Native Roughneſs, gives a pleaſing Turn to our Expreſſions, a taking Air to our Perſon, and winning Graces to all our Actions; nay, I'll maintain it makes a Woman more Beautiful.

La. More Beautiful! Nay, now I doubt you are more a Diſſember than I thought you.

Ra. Why, Madam, as I ſpeak to a Woman of Sence, I can prove my Aſſertion: Pray is not the Face the Mirror of the Mind?

La. Without doubt it ſhould be ſo.

Ra. Does not then a Mind given over to cold Indifference communicate a certain Lethargy to the Face, that makes ev'ry Feature lifeleſs and unactive, and ſpreads a chilling unlovely Air over the whole Perſon?

La. This is ſomewhat likely, I think.

Ra. Now on the contrary, a ſingle Spark of Love happily kindled in a youthful Heart, makes the Imagination quicker, the Wit more free, the Converſation more lively, the Eyes more ſparkling, and diffuſes o'er the Face that ſprightly moving *Je-ne-ſcay-quoy*, whoſe Charms 'tis impoſſible to reſiſt.

La. Since I was Born, I never was ſo ſtrangely tempted to make a Tryal of this. —— (*Aſide.*) —— But ſeriouſly do you believe, Mr. *Railmore*, I ſhould look more tolerably if I ſhew'd leſs Averſion to your Sex?

Ra. Give me leave to convince you now of what I ſaid; but firſt be pleas'd to let your Woman give us a Song that may divert you from more ſerious Thoughts:

Your

Your Dreſs too ſhou'd be artfully looſe, and careleſly Genteel; for Love neglects us, when we neglect our ſelves.

La. Well, for once I'll humour you in your Frolick: Sing us a Song! [*To her Woman.*

Ra. 'Sdeath, what I am doing? I like this Woman ſtrangely, but then I——(*Aſide.*)——hate the Nuptial-Nooſe as much. She's vaſtly Rich too, and I have ſcarce enough left to Live. What ſhall I do? If I Court her in Earneſt, I may be made her Jeſt, and all the World's. Thus Love begins by Fooling, till we Fool our ſelves; and what is worſe, we know it, yet go on.

A RONDEAU.

MOrtals, learn your Lives to meaſure,
Not by length of Time, but Pleaſure.
Now the Hours invite comply;
While you idly pauſe, they fly:
Bleſt, while a brisk pace they keep,
But in Torment when they creep.
Mortals, learn your Lives to meaſure,
Not by length of Time, but Pleaſure.
Soon your Spring muſt have a Fall:
Loſing Youth, is loſing all.
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, yet not Live.
Mortals, learn your Lives to meaſure,
Not by length of Time, but Pleaſure.

La. Well, Maſter, am I now as I ſhould be?

Ra. You

Ra. You only want ſeven or eight Patches: They are to Women what Shades are to Pictures, or Stars over the Face of Night; a Beauty's no more compleat without 'em, than a Beau is without Pouder.

La. Fye, they ſhould be as ſcandalous now as Velvet-Scarfs, or Velvet-Faces thoſe greater Patches: Sempſtreſſes, Barkeepers, Chambermaids and City Beaux, wear 'em.

Ra. There's no harm in a few for all that; but I wou'd not have you like my old Lady *Tawdry*, whoſe fat Face looks juſt like a Gammon of Bacon ſtuck over with Cloves, with more Patches on than ſhe's Years old, over her double Mask of Hypocriſie and Paint.

La. Well, how d'you like me now? [*She puts on ſome Patches, and makes Sign to her Woman to leave her, and ſhe leaves 'em.*

Ra. Why, you'll ſoon bid fair for a Place among the Firſt Rates; chiefly now there are ſo few! Well, be pleas'd to ſit, and do but remember to Hear me, Believe me, and Anſwer me ſincerely. I intend to ſpeak to you, as 'tis ſuppos'd a Perſon wou'd do, whoſe Wealth and Merit might embolden him to make his Addreſſes to your Ladyſhip. [*They ſit.*

La. I ſet little Value upon Wealth, true Merit affects me much more; ſo Mr. *Railmore*, pray ſpeak as of your ſelf, and do not perſonate another.

Ra. Since you are ſo kind, Madam, as to prevent my hopes, and give me leave to profeſs the Love I have for you, I'll wave all thoſe Hyperboles, ſo commonly laviſh'd in Declarations of Love, and all the Hell of Pain which whining Fools, and deſigning Knaves pretend to feel, and really deſerve. *In a very Reſpectful manner.*

La. All exploded thread-bare Cant, to be caſt off, like dull Romances, and only us'd by Pedants and *Abigails.*

Ra. I'll

Ra. I'll neither meanly Cringe nor ſawcily Preſume; neither magnifie your Worth by Flattery, nor debaſe my own by affected Diſpraiſe, or Self-Commendation: No, Madam, the only Eloquence, I ought to uſe to perſwade a Woman of your Sence, is my ſincerity in doing Juſtice to your Merit: Thus I only urge the Eſteem I have for you, to claim your Ladyſhip's.

La. 'Tis the ſureſt way to gain it.

Ra. And if I ever obtain that Bleſſing, you'll never find the leaſt Unevenneſs in my Temper, the leaſt Contradiction in my Sentiments, or Decay in my Affections.

La. Were this poſſible, Sir, I muſt own 'twou'd be as ſingular, as ſweet.

Ra. Can you wrong me ſo much as to doubt it, Madam?

La. We eaſily doubt of what we wiſh.

Ra. Think more favourably of a Man whom you have always found to ſpeak his Thoughts, and who being tir'd with long Wandring, aud ripe for a Retreat, wou'd fix a grateful Heart, and be for ever True.

La. Sure you forget you are a Man, Mr. *Railmore!* What, cou'd you Love a Wife, none but a Wife, and that for ever too?

Ra. Yes, Madam, cou'd that Wife reſemble you ſo much as to be thought your ſelf: But that's above my hopes: Yet our equal Averſion hitherto to Marriage, to Fools, Flattery, and the Hurry of the World, ſhows two Humours ſo ſuited to each other, that they would ſeem but one, if both were joyn'd: And as each of us at once wou'd Conquer, and be Conquer'd, ſuch an Union of two Marriage-Haters cou'd be but Honourable and Sweet to both. We'd pity wretched Couples, link'd by the poor Sympathy of Intereſt, or Frenzy; while you and I, claſp'd in each other's Arms, wou'd think

think we two engroſs'd all the Delights they forfeit, and Life and Love can give ——Oh do not turn that Lovely Face aſide; or I ſhall think you're made of Ice indeed, and hate my ſelf for being not like you.

She turns aſide, and looks in her Glaſs, and ſighs.

La. By Heaven! He has kept his Word: I Bluſh to think on't, yet almoſt wiſh he might be in Earneſt. ——*(Aſide.)* —— I Vow, Mr. *Railmore*, you act your Part ſo well, that Truth it ſelf cou'd ſcarce have mov'd me more.

Ra. By Heav'n, Madam, 'tis real all; and to prove it with a Witneſs, I'll ſend for ſome living Form of Sanctity to confirm it.

La. What, are you then come to the End of Love already?

Ra. No, no, dear Madam, I wou'd only come to the Seal of it. Conſider if our Sexes Paſſion ends before yours; 'tis chiefly through your Coldneſs at firſt, and your Fondneſs at laſt. We ſet out too ſoon, or you too late; and you either Starve Love, or overload it ſo, that the poor Thing ſeldom holds out to its Journey's end: But you and I ſetting out together, our Loves ſhall keep pace with each other, and their Race, and that of Life be the ſame.

La. But will not the whole World laugh at us?

Ra. The Thought on't moves me a little, I muſt confeſs: But what's the World, the Vile Mad World to us? Beſides we may be a while as private as you pleaſe, and Laugh at thoſe who vainly hope to Laugh at one of us.

La. Well, I muſt needs own you're an excellent Maſter, ſince you have in ſo little a Time made me look leſs diſagreeably, and almoſt perſwaded me, a Man may be worthy of being Lov'd. Cou'd I believe you ſuch——

Ra.

Ra. Oh! I am wild to convince you of it more feelingly. Let me ſeize that fair Hand, and bribe it with fond Kiſſes, to be a Pledge to mine of a Return. Ah! let me, let me in this ſweet, this wiſe Extravagance of Paſſion, kindly force you to come and make it lawful now.

He draws her along half complying.

Too long in vain againſt your Heav'n you ſtrove:
The only Care that ſhould a Woman move
Is to be fair, to be belov'd, and love.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, a Room.

Enter Kitty *in Page's Clothes, and* Frankly *in Chambermaid's.*

Kit. WELL, you have made me put on Page's Clothes, but I can't put on Page's Aſſurance. I tremble, and have not power to go.

Frank. What! afraid to go and be married to the man you ſay you love?

Kit. No, rather afraid my Siſter ſhould hinder it.

Frank. There's a grave Gentleman in black hard by, who'll ſoon put that out of her Power, and then you may eaſily get out in this Diſguiſe.

Kit. Nay, I was forc'd to tell her a fair Story to get from her: ſhe believ'd me preſently, for, I thank Heaven, ſhe never could catch me in a Lye, and yet I tell I don't

know how many e'ery day: But what will ſhe ſay when ſhe finds I have deceiv'd her?

Frank. Pſha, whom do we not deceive to be married? Think o' the Nunnery.

Kit. Well, let's go, I fancy I was not made to be a Nun. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Tho. Gaymood, *Sir* Topewell, *and* Illbred.

Sir *Tho.* I tell you I have taken care my Daughter ſhall entertain him as ſhe ought: I have injoyn'd her to think no more of my Lord *Lovewel.* But ſee! here ſhe comes.

Enter Francelia.

Sir *Tho.* Daughter, you know what I ſaid to you: Make much of Squire *Illbred* for my ſake, more for his, and more ſtill for your own. Come, Sir *Topewell.*

Sir *Tho.* Go go, get you gone, I muſt ſtay a little to hearten him up. [*He ſits.* [*Exit Sir* Thomas.

[Illbred *walks in odd Poſtures.*

Fran. Will you be pleas'd to ſit, Sir?

Ilb. Thank you, Madam, I am well as I am: I love to be in a ſtanding Poſture.

Sir *Top.* What, won't you ſit by your Miſtreſs, man?

Ilb. Now I think on't, I don't much care if I do; nay, and lye by her too. [*He ſits.*

Sir *Top.* Mark that! heighboy! [*To Fran.*] ——— Say ſomething to her! [*To* Illbred, *jogging him.*

Ilb. We've had a fine day to day.

Fran. But an odd one, Sir, in my Opinion.

Sir *Tope.* Speak to her, good Lad! [*To* Ilbr. *aſide, and* Illbred *jogs him again angrily.*

Ilb. Why, the Roads are as dry as theſe Boards.

Sir *Top.* Ay, and the dryer they are, the dryer they make

make us: Wou'd I had a Bumper or two of that Hock! *Aſide.*] Speak to her, I ſay. [*To* Ilbr.

Ilb. Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear?

Fran. Truly, Sir, none that's good: A Friend of mine is importun'd to marry a man ſhe does not love.

Sir *Top.* Is that ſuch ill News? Why, 'tis as common in Marriage to hate at firſt, and then love, as 'tis to love at firſt and then hate. Coſen, to her! Odſooks thou'rt at leaſt a quart too low. When firſt I went a wooing, I made my ſelf half drunk, and then I ſpoke up as boldly as a Member that either ſcorns or wants a Penſion.

Ilb. Well, when once we're got acquainted, I'll mend my Hand. —— Pray, Madam, how old may you be?

Fran. You ſhou'd never ask a Woman her Age, Mr. *Ilbred*, leſt ſhe anſwer you falſe, or diſoblige herſelf.

Ilb. Cry mercy, I meant no more harm than a man that cheapens a Horſe or a Mare does, when he asks how old 'tis: I ask'd, becauſe I fancy you and I are much of an age, and thus may the better be yoak'd together.

Fran. 'Tis not likeneſs of Age, but of Inclination, that makes the Yoke eaſie, Sir.

Ilb. I've nothing to ſay as to that; but if Somebody loves Somebody, as well as Somebody loves Somebody, I know what I know.

Fran. What's that, Sir?

Ilb. Why then Somebody will have Somebody, or Nobody, inſpight of Every body.

Fran. 'Tis well if any body can underſtand you.

Sir *To.* Look you, that is, if you love him as well as he loves you, 'tis a March; tho' this ſame Lord we ſaw here thought to have huff'd him out of you, and forg'd a Letter as from you, to make us believe you'll Cuckold my Coſen, yet he dares venture on you, nay, and take you, tho' you had not a Smock to your Back.

Fran. My Lord, contrive a Letter as from me.

Sir *Top.* Ay, that he did; his ſurly Companion ſhow'd it us. Well, what ſay you? Nothing? Well! I find there's one Woman in the World has not too much Tongue. Coſen, ſay as I tutor'd you. [*To* Ilbred, *jogging him.*

Ilb. Look you, Madam, I an't us'd to make Love, and mayn't talk ſo much like a Courtier (never the worſe man for that) I am downright Dunſtable, I've for theſe many Months hoarded up ——

Sir *Top.* A Barnful of good hearty Country Love for you.

Ilb. Unkle, hold you your prating Tongue, will you; or rather get you gone; *John* the Butler, your old Pot-Companion wants you: I'm in now, man.

Sir *Top.* Then puſh it home, Boy. God b'w'ye. [*Exeunt.*

Ilb. I fancy I can talk better now the old Sot my Uncle has left us. Faith and troth, I lov'd you this great while, and if you'll be rul'd by a Fool, e'en have me, I dare ſay you'll be Mother of many Children. What ſay you? Come, as the new Song has it, *Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine ſhall be thine, Body and Goods at thy Command too.* [*Sings.* Odsbobs, now I'm in, you ſhall ſee me jig it away: I've got Muſicianers juſt by: Soho Fidlers! play me a Leſſon; come, *Roger a Coverly*, a Jig, any thing, play your *May-day* Tune, *Tom Crowder.*

Enter Fidlers, and Ilbred *dances.*

Ilb. Now go about your buſineſs, and leave me to manage mine: O ſweet Miſtreſs *Frances*, I long to be at another ſort of Dancing with you; faith and troth I've lov'd you this great while.

Fran. I'm afraid the Clown will prove as impudent at laſt as he was ſhamefac'd. [*Aſide*] —— Sir, you ſurprize me with the News of your Love.

Ilb.

Ilb. Odsbobs, is it a News to you? Why, I've been at Church, and what buſineſs could I have there but to ſee you, think you? I've hunted by you all along to the ſame intent, and us'd to hollow in a Morning, to wake you, that you might know on't, thus, So-ho! [*Hollows.*

Fran. The noiſe was the only Inſtance of your Love that ever diſturb'd me to this day; but I'll beg another: 'Tis my firſt Requeſt, ſo I hope you'l not deny it.

Ilb. Nay, to be ſure I muſt do as you'd ha' me, that you may do as I'd have you.

Fran. Then, Sir, that firſt Requeſt is, That you would be ſo kind as to leave me, and think no more of me.

Ilb. Look you, Madam, I was told you'd be as ſhy as a high-metal'd Filly when ſhe's to be back'd firſt; but troth, you may kick and wince, and ſtand up an end, but I won't be thrown off the Saddle, I won't budge a Foot as long as my Name's *Ilbred.*

Enter Lord Lovewel.

Ilb. [Ilbred *ſtarts, ſeeing him*] Now I think better on't I muſt humour you. A good Evening to you; but I'll be with you ſooner than you think.

Fran. Sir, Sir!

Ilb. I'll be with you anon; I muſt go look after my Horſes. [*Exit.*

Fran. You have a mighty Aſcendant over this Gentleman, my Lord; he leaves the Room as ſoon as he ſees you.

L. *Lo.* You have a greater over me, Madam; nothing could make me leave you.

Fran. But my Father, who ought to have the greateſt Aſcendant over me, commands me to leave you to entertain him.

L. *Lo.*

L. *Lo.* But my Rival is kinder than your Father, and leaves me to entertain you. Ah, Madam! while you ſtint me to bare Friendſhip, muſt he engroſs the Treaſure of your Love, which he wants Sence to value as he ought?

Fran. The leſs Sence a Man has, the more he prizes Things whoſe worth is only imaginary. And after all, my Lord, he gives me no ſmall Proof of his Eſteem, in offering to eaſe my Father of the Charge of my Perſon, without a Portion to ſupport that Charge. He uſes no ill means to obtain me; he did not cauſe a falſe immodeſt Letter, written as by me to himſelf, to be ſhown his Rival, to deter him from purſuing his Intentions.

L. *Lo.* I do not know that he did ſo.

Fran. I ſay he did not, but I know who did.

L. *Lo.* Tell me who did, that I may puniſh him.

Fran. He needs no other Puniſhment but Neglect. Farewel. [*Going.*

L. *Lo.* Going! What can this mean? Stay, Madam, explain your Riddle.

Fran. You, who did all this, need no Explanation.

L. *Lo.* I! by all that's true, I know nothing of this, and bluſh to think you can ſuſpect me of it.

Fran. There's more than Suſpicion, I'm aſſur'd of it.

L. *Lo.* Hold, Madam, do not perſiſt in thinking me ſo baſe as to deny the Truth, or I ſhall ceaſe to think you what I thought you, and ſtrive to grow indifferent. But tell me, who laid that mean Contrivance to my charge?

Fran. You would ſhow your Reſentment of the Diſcovery, but I need not tell you.

L. *Lo.* Nay then, I am convinc'd this is a meer Pretence for leaving me. 'Tis kind however to leſſen my Sorrow for ſo ſenſible a Separation by ill uſage. Well, Madam, I am yet too much diſorder'd to have power to expoſtulate

poſtulate with you: Farewell. Be as happy as you make wretched; I've nothing now to court but an honourable Death. [*Going.*

Fran. Stay, my Lord, let's reaſon a little more calmly of this buſineſs.

Enter Gaymood *ſinging*, Railmore, *and* Plot.

Ga. Ah! give me more, give me more, *&c.* Heyday! Gravity has doubled her Guards here to day! O'my word they both look as ſullen as a new-married Couple, that find they've cheated one-another.

Ra. Perhaps they find they've done ſo without marrying.

Ga. What, ſtill ſighing, my Lord?

L. *Lo.* Still ſighing, becauſe ſtill unhappy.

Ra. And ſtill unhappy, becauſe ſtill in Love.

Ga. Gad, if I were in your place, I'd no longer be in Love, that I might no longer be unhappy.

L. *Lo.* Thoſe that are in Love, and blame others for loving, are like thoſe who are in Health, that blame others for being Sick.

Ga. Well, well, have a little Patience, we have been plotting that you may be quickly cur'd.

L. *Lo.* How! perhaps then you may know ſomething of a Sham Letter! ſay, do you? Nay, quickly tell me, I'm all Impatience.

Ga. Why, perhaps we do, perhaps we don't; I won't tell you.

L. *Lo.* But the Lady accuſes me of ſhowing.

Ga. Pſha, Pſha, ſhowing is neceſſary ſometimes; the Lady is a Fool, My Lord: keep your Breath for her; go, get you gone together, be addreſſing and redreſſing, preſſing and careſſing, trying and denying, flying and lying, cooing

cooing and ſhewing; but firſt be you going, that we may be doing.

L. *Lo.* But my Innocence ——

Ga. Shall appear as white as Curds and Cream in nine and twenty minutes. The Grove is a pretty place for cooing Lovers; wou'd you had the Wit to make uſe on't ſo long.

L. *Lo.* But ——————

Ga. Lord, will you ne'r ha' done? I hate a man that makes ſo many words. [*Exeunt L.* Lov. *and* Francelia.

Rail. Well, *Plot*, are all things ready?

Plot. Yes Sir, but I fear your *Tom* will ſcarce be taken for Mrs. *Francelia*, tho' the Squire's as dull and credulous as a *London* Mob: If you could but get one of the Maids to paſs for her in the dark, my Comrade can marry 'em by Rote, as well as the beſt Hedge-Parſon between *Marybone* and *Dukes-Place:* The Rogue has ſuch a mind to be married, that none can have the Form by Heart better than he; no, not a Maid of eight and twenty, nor a Widow of three Husbands.

Ra. What ſhall we do? *Ilbred* and his Uncle will be here preſently, I ſuppoſe.

Enter Frankly.

Ga. Catſo! we wanted ſome body to fit a Squire, and who ſhould come in the nick but a Chambermaid! Leave me to manage her: Away. [*Exit* Railm.] *Plot*, liſten you Dog, and come in when you judge 'tis time.

Plot. Ay, Sir, we Waitingmen need not be bid to liſten, we do it as naturally as Drawers, Landladies, Chambermaids, or Informers. [Plot *goes and peeps by the Door.*

Ga.

Ga. How now, my skittiſh piece of Chamber-ſtuff, have I caught you at laſt?

Frank. Pray Sir, let me alone. [*he holds her by the Arm.*

Ga. To Morrow Morning.

Frank, I vow and proteſt Sir, I'll call.

Ga. Let it be ſo ſoftly then, that no body may hear thee.

Frank. Let me go Sir, what will you get by keeping me here?

Plot. Not a Maiden-head, I dare ſwear.

Gay. Come, fear not, I'll be very kind; I ſwear I love thee.

Plot, So do I, as a Politician loves an Informer, for our own Ends.

Frank. I aſſure you Sir. I'm none of thoſe; Pſhau, let me go; are there not Citizens Wives, Masks, and other naughty Women enough?

Ga. Toaſt me, if they ben't as ſcarce of late, as honeſt Attornies. What for Sea Captains, Land Officers, and City Beaus, there's ſcarce a Wench to be had for Love or Money.

Plot. That's a Lye, as too many can juſtify.

Ga. Have a care, thou'lt have the Green-ſickneſs; gad, I love mightily to prevent it, Child, but the Devil ſhall cure it for me. But I have another Propoſal to make to thee.

Frank. Pray Sir, don't keep me here; I aſſure you I am honeſt.

Plot. What will this World come to! O the Impudence of a Chamber-maid that wou'd ſcandalize her Calling!

Ga. Hark you, Prethee what woudſt thou be honeſt for? hah! Don't hundreds of batter'd Town Wenches get rich Husbands at laſt? Don't notorious Raſcals jump into good Places, and detected Knaves keep their old ones, or get better? Don't we ſee cheating Collectors, ſquinting Bribe-mongers, embezling Purſers, long-winded Pay-maſters, faggoting Officers, Brokers and Retailers of Offices

and Benefices, Pimps, Stallions, *Catamites*, and the Devil and all of Rogues look big, ride in Coaches, reſpected and waited on by the Croud of honeſt ſcoundrel Fools, that trudge it on the hoof? honeſt! ha, ha, hah! [*laughs.*

Frank. Well, when you can make me live like one of theſe fine Folks, perhaps I may talk to you.

Plot. So, I knew 'twou'd come to that: Upon my honor, we poor Rogues cannot afford to be honeſt.

Ga. Look you Child, I'll put you immediately in a way to do it. Thou ſhalt marry Squire *Ilbred*, whom thou ſaw'ſt here to day, a Man of 3000 *l.* a Year; Nay, and a Fool to boot. That is, provided thou'lt let me confirm him my Fool, as ſoon as Marriage has made him thine.

Frank. Sure Sir, you jeſt, 'tis impoſſible.

Ga. To deny me, you mean. Look you, he loves my Neice *Francelia*; and we have contrived it ſo, that he believes ſhe's to marry my Lord this Evening in the dark, for fear of my Brother. The Squire is to come in my Lord's ſtead and wed her. Now you ſhall be introduced in her Place by my Lord's Man, who manages the Intrigue, and ſo ſhe'll be ſecur'd to my Friend, and the Squire to you.

Frank. Oh! but Sir.—

Ga. Oh! but 3000 *l.* a year! ſay no more, it muſt be ſo; or—— Oh! here comes the Man ſhall direct you.

Frank. Well, I can't avoid complying, as things ſtand; the Conſequence cannot be bad, what ever comes on't [*aſide.*

Re-enter Plot.

Ga. Plot, Here's *Fanny* ſhall act my Neice, and Wed Squire *Ilbred*; be ſure the Parſon and you whiſper all the while. As ſoon as you have done, we'll all come in and be Witneſſes But hark you, Sir *Pandarus*; if you offer to be familiar, take notice, I'll make a Capon of a Craven.

Plot. O-law, Sir! upon my honor, I'm not ſo ill-bred as

as to offer to be ſerved before my Betters: I'll immediately leave her with the Parſon. [*Exit* Plot *with* Frank.

Ga. Hah, ha, hah! I can but laugh to think how I ſhall fool both Parties with one Plot, juſt as all other Match-makers do. The Chamber-maid ſhall fool the Squire, but I'll fool the Chamber-maid. The Jade was honeſt juſt as others are, till a good Bribe came in the way.

Enter Sir Topew, *and* Ilbred.

[*back.*

Sir *To.* What, alone, Squire? [*claps him hard on the*

Ga. Not till you came, Knight; I was a thinking.

Sir *To.* That's a wonder! prethee, thinking o' what?

Ga. Why, only of bribing a Woman to cuckold the Fool her Husband on her Wedding Night; for I find nothing but a Bribe will do't. A Love Suite now is like a Law Suite, he that courts without Fees, ſtarves his Cauſe, and ſues in *forma pauperis.*

Sir *To.* Did not you tell me once you ne're gave a Wench any thing?

Ga. True, there's the buſineſs, I wou'd bribe her at another Man's coſt; for I love as little to ſee Wenches, as to bribe Lawyers; dam me, I hate to encourage Vice.

Ilb. Well, *Sam*, wil't ſpeak a good word to thy Neice for honeſt *Bob.*

Ga. Between you and I, honeſt *Bob*, 'twill be needleſs; I fancy my Lord *Lovemel* will have her before to Morrow Noon, if he has her not by this time, and ſo I leave you.

[*Exit* Gaymood.

Sir *To.* I find this ſame Gypſie-fellow told us true, Cuz. ſhe's to be married in hugger-mugger. I wiſh he'd come and make good his promiſe.

Ilb. Ods bobs, tho' ſhe frumpt me, I fancy ſhe's only ſtrange at firſt, like other Cattle; but ſhe has a ſtrange way with her, let her ſay what ſhe will, I cannot but like her. Well, I'd be content to leave off riding hard, and drinking

hard, a whole Week, ſo I might but get her in a Corner, or on a Hay-cock, and no body by.

Enter Plot.

Plot. Oh! Sir, are you come? you're too late.

Ilb. Ods lidikins, don't tell us ſo Man: Why, 'tis not half an hour ſince I left her. O law! O law! I could weep like any Calf now.

Sir *To.* If 'tis done, 'tis done; come away, and drown Sorrow; thou ſhalt go home as drunk as if thou cam'ſt from an Election.

Plot. Hold, hold Sir, I did but Jeſt with you; but a Moment later had been too — Well, Mrs *Francelia* waits for me to take her aſide, and my Lord is with her Father, diſcourſing about you and her. Come, now's your time, make no noiſe.

Ilb. Come along, I'm as ſtill as a Mouſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Airy *and* Chriſtina.

Ch. Here my *Unkle* deſir'd us to ſtay for him; but I can't gueſs his Deſign.

Air. Deſign! Why, he has as ſeldom any, as our Modern Play-Writers, unleſs it be to make us talk as he does himſelf.

Chr. To no purpoſe.

Air. But 'twill not be my Fault, if we do not talk to the purpoſe, Madam. Love, Love, Madam! Nothing's to the purpoſe but that.

Chr. Nay, no Love in earneſt, good Mr. *Airy*; don't I know you're a meer Weather-cock?

Air. Yes, Madam, I may be like the Weather-cock; for I never change till that which moves me changes; and all my Motions wait upon your Breath. But here, moſt Women are like our Weather, ſcorch us and chill us the ſame day: And others make Love ſo tedious a Plague —

Ch.

Ch. As if there were not Plagues enough in Life, without making one of Loving; but ſome of you make as much haſte to get out of Love, as they do to get in Debt.

Air. I am not for running ſo faſt; for as one ſaid, going to his Wives Funeral; *What need we make a Toyl of a Pleaſure?*

Chr. Come, come, moſt of you ſerve your Miſtreſſes as all People do their Gueſts: At firſt the Entertainment is warm and coſtly, but ſoon grows as cold as dull indifference or jaded Matrimony can make it.

Air. But Pam for a Love eaſie and agreeable, like your humor, and that muſt be laſting. Such a Love, Madam —

Chr. Is as indifferent a Love as one can wiſh, and in Truth, no Love at all.

Air. No, Madam, 'tis a pretty, ſociable Paſſion, like modern Friendſhip. It cheers a loving couple when together; yet is no pain to 'em when aſunder. 'Tis like Fire in a Flint, it lyes till 'tis urg'd, but then it never fails to ſparkle.

C. H. Never Court One of our reſerv'd Beauties, Mr. *Airy*, ſhe wou'd expect a ſtricter Duty from her Lover.

Ai. Yes, Firſt he muſt be a Slave to Dreſs as much as ſhe is to her Complexion, and never ſee her unleſs he's as Spruce as a Dancing-Maſter at his breaking up, or a politick Beau on a Birth-day at Court.

Ch. Ay, for I heard of a Beau that loſt a Lady for offering to approach her in a Coat with Pocket-holes an Inch too high, and Button-holes but Three Inches wide.

Enter Gaymood, *who goes towards the Door and opens it.* *Sir* Topew, *Square* Ilbred *and* Frankly *appear, and Parſon* Humdrum *behind 'em.*

Gay. Now you ſhall have ſport. [*towards the Door.*

Air. To promiſe Sport, is the way to ſpoyl it. [*He ſays this, and goes*

Ch. What's he going to do?

Gay.

Gay. Hold, Hold, Sir, you muſt not Marry her. [*pulling* [Frankly *from* Ilbred.

Sir *To.* No more he muſt not; he has Married her already.

Ilb. Yes, Faith Unkle-in-Law that is now; you come a Day after the Fair; Here's my lawful wedded Wife, and your———

Gay. Brothers Maid, Brother Sterling that ſhall be. [*laughs.*

Ilb. Ha, ha, ha! You're merry diſpos'd Unkle: Why, don't you know your own Neice?

Gay. Yes, better then you know your own Bride, it ſeems: Look on her in the light.

Ilb. Hah! What art thou? [*a Candle is reach'd to 'em.*

Frank. Even what you ſaid juſt now, my Dear, your lawful wedded Wife.

Ilb. The Devil's rather. Ods bobs, do you take me for a Changling? I was Married to Mrs. *Frances.*

Gay. Nay, thy Wife's Name's *Frances*; She's the Changling: But my Couſin *Francelia* has not been in the Room this Evening.

Sir *To.* I'm in Amaze! Or, I Dream, or, I am Mad, or elſe I'm Drunk.

Frank. You have had my hand ever ſince the Good Man joyn'd us, and Here's the Ring.

Ilb. Nay, then I'le hang my ſelf, O-law! O-law!

Gay. Oh fye, what a filthy Death you've choſen? Remember you're a Gentleman.

Sir *To.* What, cheated! There's Conjuring in't. Hah! is't ſo, thou young Witch?

Gay. Come Knight, ſpeak more kindly to your Niece; he has Married her you know, you're a Witneſs to't your ſelf.

Enter Railmore *and my Lady* Single, *and* Plot *behind 'em*

Ra. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Ga. Why, Mr. *Ilbred* has committed Matrimony with One

One of the Maids, and wou'd perſwade us 'twas my Neice *Francelia*, that's all.

Sir *To.* This ſhan't paſs ſo, d'yourſee.

Ga. No, 'tis paſt already, d'you ſee: How will you help your ſelves? The Gudgeon that's caught in the hook may flounce, and flounder, but that wont do. *He hugs it, and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.* [Sings this.]

Ra. Hark you, Sir *Topewel*, and you Mr. *Ilbred*, I'le ſhow you I'm not ſo much your Enemy as you Imagine: I fancy, I have One way to bring you off.

Ilb. How? ah, wou'd you cou'd!

Ra. If you'l bind your ſelf in a Bond of Twenty Thouſand Pounds, never to pretend to Mrs. *Francelia*, I'le try what I can do for you.

Ilb. Ay, with all my Spirit, and thank you too.

Ra. Here's a Bond ready drawn; look on it, 'tis but Signing and Sealing.

Sir *To.* Ay, ay, he ſhall Sign it and Seal it, and with more joy than any ever Sign'd a Contract of Marriage; here Cuz, Sign, Sign and Seal; but lets ſee if 'tis right firſt? heigh ho! how ſoon care comes upon a Man that's Married! he's no ſooner noos'd but he'd give his Ears to get off. Here 'tis Sign'd and Seal'd.

Ra. Take off the Seal; you deliver this as your Act and Deed, for the uſe of the Party therein mentioned.

Ilb. I do. Well, now, dear Friend of ours, prythee tell us quickly, how ſhall I get off? Pray put a Body out of pain!

Ra Look you, before this Company, I declare you free to Marry any One that will have you, except Mrs *Francelia*: For, as we got this Maid to Perſonate her, we got alſo One of my Lord's Men to Perſonate the Chaplain.

Ilb O-law! o-law! Is that all you had to ſay? You're good to help a lame Dog over a Stile.

Ra. Where is he? This is not the Man.

[*looking about and ſeeing* Humdrum.

Frank. That's the Man that married me.

Ra.

Ga. Ods death, this is none of *Dick*; this is Parſon *Humdrum*.

Ra. Plot, Rogue, Dog, how is this? Why ſure you did not let the Gentleman Marry a Serving-Wench in earneſt?

Plot. As I'm an honeſt Perſon, Sir, I cou'd not help it. I had got my Comrade ready according to your directions, and told the Squire and his Unkle ſo, but they wou'd needs have a Parſon of their own, whom they had brought: I did all in the World to perſwade 'em not to have him (they know it) but they were poſitive, and for fear of ſpoyling my Maſters Match, I durſt not hinder 'em.

Sir *To.* Rogue, Villain, Dog, let me come at him.

Plot. Nay, then, your humble Servant, tho' I know what I know 'tis time to ſcamper.

Enter Sir Thomas Gaymood.

Sir Tho. What's the matter Sir *Topawel*? Mr. *Ilbred* what ſails you?

Ga. Why, nothing, he wou'd have taken a Wife with nothing, and he has One with nothing; ſo there's nothing loſt: Tho' he has miſtaken your Maid for your Daughter; ſure the Maid will be kept Cheaper than the Miſtreſs.

Chr. Not when the Maid comes to be the Miſtreſs.

Ra. True; an Uſurer's rakiſh Son, after his Dad's Damnation, or a half ſtarv'd Seaman after his Pay-Day, is not more Expenſive.

Sir Tho. Well if he has Married her, let him make much of his blind Bargain.

Enter Humphry, *and* Doll.

Hum. What, and is Meeſter ſped already! Wiſh your Worſhip Joy! Here's *Doll Hoydon* and I are Friends again, an't pleaſe you, and want but your Worſhip's Conſent to be Marry'd too. [*kicks him and thumps him.*]

Ilb. Here's the Conſent I give you, with a Horſe-pox.

Hum. Hiey day, What time o'th' Moon is't? What Waſp, or Nettle has ſtung him?

Ga.

Ga. Why, thy Maſter has married thy Miſtreſſes Fellow-Servant thro' a miſtake, and he is mad at it.

Hump. What, yonder Minx! Odſnigs, I know what I know; now could I help him at a dead lift, but I have a good mind not to do it, for the ſake of this ſame kick o' the breech he gave me.

Illb. How! canſt thou help thy Maſter off of this ugly Job, *Humphrey*?

Hump. Mayhaps I can, mayhaps I won't; what then? You'd give me ſuch another Kick as you did e'en now, wou'd you?

Illb. Prethee, good *Humphrey*, don't take it in dudgeon; I'd ha' done as much to mine own mother. Why man, I'm mad. Here, hit me Two Kicks for my One; pray do, pray do, do but bring me off, and kick me till thou'ſt loſt me, an' thee wou'dſt.

Hump. Well, now you cry *peccavi*, I'll tell you: I and *Doll* was looking for Sir *Thomas*'s Chaplain, to tell him we ſhou'd want him to give us a Caſt of his Office; when who ſhou'd we ſee, as Luck wou'd have it, but this ſame Laſs there in the high Topping, and a tidy Skip, a little tiny go-by-ground, not paſſin thus high. (I'm ſure ſhe's no big'er than a Horſe-block) with the Chaplain mumbling over them out of his book; ſo we liſten'd, and found he was making 'em as faſt as a Parſon can make Two Folks.

Ga. Pſhau, pſhau, ſure this cannot be.

Hump. Why, you'd as good tell me a Bailiff's no Knave: I know her Face main well; D'you think I'm like your *London*-Folks? tell Lies? I'll take the Bibled Oath on't, and ſo ſhall *Doll*; won't you *Doll*?

Doll. Ay, as I'm an honeſt body, that I will [*Kitty peeps.*

Illb. Ah boys! [*He jumps, and plays ridiculous Tricks.*

Sir Tho. Ah boys! Couſin, dance, dance, I ſay; This brings thee off, boy; and as for you, Miſtreſs *Chouſe*, we'll have you hang'd for marrying Two Husbands.

Sir Tho. How! is this true, Sweetheart?

Frank. Why, what, ſhall — as I hope to be ſav'd — no — for fear — I can't tell —

Sir Tho. You can't tell what to ſay; I find 'tis true. [Humphrey *brings in* Kitty.

Hum. Look you, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, here's the Young Smock-fac'd Hobberdehoy ſhe had pickt out for a Cloak! I ſpy'd him now peeping in here. See, he's hardly big enough to go a nutting. I wonder how the man could have the conſcience to marry 'em. But ſome of 'em don't value a ſtraw whom they cauſe to rue, ſo they're grees'd in the fiſt; Tho I fancy's too, they Two had been at other ſport than Push-pin, elſe he durſt not ha' don't.

Ar. A beardleſs boy! Fye, a Husband without a Beard is as unſeemly as a Wife with Whiskers.

Chr. He's very Young indeed; but ſtay — ſure I ſhould know that Face. It muſt be my Couſin *Kitty*. Couſin *Kitty* in Air. Gr. Miſtreſs *Kitty*!

Sir *Tho.* What, one Female Marry another! Do you make a Jeſt of Marriage?

Ilbred. Pray, don't you be Miſtreſs *Kitty*! Pray don't, pray don't.

Sir *Top.* and *Ilbred.* O Law! all's ſpoilt again; undone, undone!

Enter Lord Lovewel *and* Francelia.

Fra. What do I hear, Mr. *Illand.* Is it poſſible you've Marryed my Maid for ſpight?

Illbr. Only a little by chance! I thought to have made ſure of you: They have tantaliz'd me twice with the hopes of being my own man again; but that, I fear, I never ſhall while I live: Yet perhaps you being her Miſtreſs may perſwade her.

Fra. Truly, Sir, ſhe's no more my Servant, ſince you are her Lord and Maſter; but tho you ſhould never have been mine, I'm ſorry for you: E'en take her with you when you will.

Franckly

Frankly and *Ai.* whisper.

Illb. What, is she whispering already with another man?

Ai. Nay, be not jealous, Mr. *Illbred*; our whispering cannot be so fatal to you, as that you had with her, and Doctor *Humdrum*.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, then 'tis time to be gone! To be thus insnar'd, and then fool'd over and over again with sham promises of getting free is too much for Flesh and Blood to bear. 'Owns, I'll be reveng'd, if I live; come, come away. [*Going with Illbred.*

Ai. Hold, you must take care of your Bride, Mr. Bridegroom, for all your huffing.

Frank. Nay then if the Bridegroom must take care of the Bride; you and Mr. *Illbred* must give me leave to take care of this pretty little Partner of mine.

Sir *Tho.* Take care of her and be hang'd; the Devil a bit we'll take care of either.

Kit. Well, well, good angry red Nos'd Gentleman, we'll take care of one another.

Sir *To.* What, affront my Nose; you little Snipper Snapper? Odsooks, it cost more a Painting than all the Saffron Faces in a Play-house.

La. An. How Sister *Kitty*, are you mad?

Kit. No madder than your Ladiship.

Frank. She's only *Married*, *Madam*, and to a person that will strive to show himself not altogether unworthy that happiness.

La. Sin. How! married in earnest?

Illbr. Unkle, mind, mind a little!

Airy. Dear Madam, be pacified; the Chambermaid is Mr. *Frankly*, no more a Woman than my self; but a very worthy young Gentleman, whose Wealth and merit intitle him to a young Lady that has both: He discover'd himself to me now, and told me he was forc'd to use this Disguise to secure pretty Mrs. *Kitty* to himself.

Sir *Tho.* What the Chambermaid prove a man at laſt!

Illb. Huzzah! [*Skips about for Joy.*

Sir *Tho.* Huzzah, Cuz, thou'rt unmarried now: Odſooks let's go and be bloody Drunk for Joy.

Illb. [*Hollows.*] Odsbobs I'm more glad now I've miſs'd the wrong, than if I had got the right.

Frank. I was inform'd your Ladiſhip wou'd not ſuffer your Siſter to entertain the leaſt thoughts of a Husband; I got admittance here as a *Maid*-Servant two days ago; and as you threaten'd her with a Nunnery, ſhe conſented the more eaſily to be joyn'd to me in more ſuitable Bonds.

La. Sin. You mean Spirited wanton Girl! Did you then regard my Admonitions no better? 'Tis true, I threaten'd you with a Nunnery, but 'twas but to deter you from marriage, the more fatal Priſon of the two. See me no more.

Kit. Jeeringly. Come, Madam, we gueſs your Averſion to Marriage is ſomewhat abated, pray let your Anger be ſo too. *Mr. Railmore*, you'll interceed. [*Smiling.*

La. Sin. How!

Frank. In ſhort, we know that the ſame Spiritual Executioner that diſpatch'd us had done as much for you two juſt half an hour before: So now 'tis about an hour too late for your Ladiſhip to uſe that ſtyle.

Chr. What, my Lady *Single* married!

Exit. Frankly *with* Kitty.

Ld. Lo. Railmore married!

Fr. The two marriage haters married!

Ga. Nay, then miracles are not ceas'd!

Ai. Why a miracle? I never heard any one rail at the Courtier's Slaviſh Life, but what would at one time or other Sacrifice his Liberty to it.

La. Sin. The two extreams Love and Hate touch one another, like Laughing and Weeping.

Rail. You are all *Epheſian Matrons* one way or other.

Ga. What a Pox, are you capping of Sentences? Wiſh you

you Joy of a thouſand Pounds a year, *Jack*; for as for a Wife I know better Things than to wiſh a Friend Joy of that.

Ai. Wiſh you Joy of your Chambermaid here! Did not you ſay you had had her already, *Sam*? hah?

Ga. Pſhau, Pſhau, ſo I wou'd have had her, man; had ſhe been a Chambermaid.

Ch. Couſin, ſhall I laugh at you two a little, for railing at matrimony?

Ld. Lo. Pray ſpare 'em, *Madam*, they have done well Their Inclinations agreed before, and conſequently will now, tho a much better way. But now, *Madam*, [to *Francelia*] ſince I hear, my Rival has oblig'd himſelf never to raiſe his Ambition to you, let me beg of you to condeſcend to make me happy. Sure, Sir *Thomas* will no longer be an obſtacle to this; I had his Leave to urge my ſuit to you.

Sir *Tho.* Ay, But I'm loth to part with ſo much mony at a Time that there's ſo little.

Ld. Lo. While Sir *Thomas* ſeem'd diſpos'd to part with his mony, as well as with his Daughter, it would have been imprudence to have bated him the firſt. But we'll not differ about it: So, *Madam*, if you will but at laſt add your conſent to your Father's, I'll ask no other Treaſure but your Perſon, which is indeed too valuable to need any addition to recommend it.

Fran. This ſo generous Offer, my Lord, convinces me of the reality of your Eſteem; but to make the beſt Return I can, I ſolemnly declare, That if my Father will not be pleas'd to part with what he promis'd ſhould be one Conſideration of his parting with me to you, I will never conſent to marry while I live.

Sir Tho. How! Adad, tho I love money, I love Generoſity too. Here, my Lord, take her, ſhe's yours; the money I promis'd ſhall be yours too. I muſt confeſs, I was tamper'd with, and tempted; but there are few here wou'd not have

been

been tempted to break their word for Ten Thousand Pounds.

Lord Lo. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Ga. Wish you Joy, Squire.

Mlb. Thank you; but Joy of what?

Ga. Why, of being not married, or rather, of being married, yet no Husband: I'm sure many would be glad to be greeted thus.

Ai. I'm so little afraid of being one of those, *Madam*, that if I can be so happy as to prevail with you to approve of my Love, as well as I hope your Father will of my Circumstances, I shall have nothing more to wish but to be yours for ever.

Chr. What, are you making Love in Jest again? To be serious is a Jest. First, let us be sure you can continue some time in a mind: *Mistresses*, they say, are valued by most of you like Plays, only for being New; You hardly come to see 'em after the Third Day, and it must be an extraordinary one, or an extraordinary Favour, if you come to the House Three Days after, tho your Company's wanted there never so much.

Ai. Oh I shall still discover New Beauties, *Madam*, and love you more and more.

Ga. Pox, you grow too serious on a sudden, man; had you not better make Love in Jest still? The very Boy and Girl in the House will teach you to keep to that. Oh, here they are. ---Come Sing the Dialogue my pretty Rogues!

A Dialogue between a little Boy and Girl.

Pretty Miss, *let's talk together,*
Boy. *I play truant to come hither,*
To go with you up and down,
I'de leave all the Boys in Town.
Girl. *My dear* Jemmy, *how d'you do?*
I'd leave all the Girls for you,
Nay, my fineſt Baby too. } Throws her Baby away.
Boy. *Come, let's play at Man and Wife*
Girl. *Fye, you know that's full of ſtrife.*

Boy.

Boy. *No, we'll kiss and hug each other,*
Like my Father and your Mother.

Girl. *Ay, that's better, come, begin,*
When you're out, I'll put you in.

Boy. *Pray, be not so shy, my Deary.* [Amorously.

Girl. *Keep your distance, or I'le tear you!* [Scornfully.

Boy. *Are thy Bubbies coming, Child?*
Let me see!

Girl. ——*Oh, Pray.*

Boy. ——*Be mild.* [Kisses her.
None can see us, do not fear.
Now a little more, good Betty.

Girl. *Fye, you make me blush I swear;*
Yet methinks 'tis very pretty.

Boy. *Well, we'll Marry e're 'tis long.*

Girl. *You're too little.*

Boy. ——*You're too young.*

Both.
Oh! I cannot, will not tarry.
Quickly, quickly let us Marry,
For I cannot tarry long.

Ga. Very well; but I find they are seduced as well as the rest, by the evil Spirit of Matrimony.

Ra. What, can't our Example make a Convert of you?

Ga. No, faith; I shou'd be afraid of the Matrimonial Curse, to eat without stomach, walk about without ease, sing without mirth, go to bed without desire, enjoy without pleasure, lie without Rest, be Cuckolded without mercy, laught at without pity, and plagu'd without end.

La. Sin. What, will you never have better Thoughts of our Sex?

Ga. Ay, when you all cease to go to Prayers without Devotion, to fawn without Love, to weep without sorrow, to be chaste without Vertue, and to get Children without your Husbands.

Re-

Re-enter Frankly *dress'd like a Gentleman, and* Kitty *in her own Clothes.* Plot *behind 'em.*

Ai. Mr. *Frankly*, now your Friends may know you; you're your self again.

Frank. Dear *Airy*, help me to obtain Sir *Thomas*'s, and my Lady *Single*'s Pardon for using a Stratagem that may seem somewhat inhospitable to those who never felt the violence of Love. As for Mr. *Illbred*, he must not only forgive me, but honest *Plot* also, to whom I had made my self known before I was to wed the Squire; so that there was no danger on either side.

Illb. The short and the long of the Story is, that between Jest and Earnest I'm fairly chous'd of my Mistress among you, e faith.

Sir Tho. Come, come, we'll get thee another, Cuz.

Illb. Get thee another, Cuz! Odsbobs, 'tis all along of you—Gnaw, gnaw, you Old Fool: Before *George*, I've as good a mind as e're I had in my life, to have *Susan*, Sisters Chambermaid, for spight.

Frank. O fie, Sir, no Chambermaid in earnest, I beseech you; come, be thankful; those who take our Mistresses from us, improve our Parts; first we love as Learners, but afterwards like Masters.

Ra. Hark you, Sir *Topezell*, let me give you some Counsel which several men in your station should follow; Allow some needy man of Sence a Genteel maintenance to give your Young Squire good Education by degrees. Let him read good books moderately, but chiefly the great book of the world, not to be found with Pedants. It costs so little more to breed a man like a Gentleman, than it does to breed others like Clowns, that I wonder there are so many of the latter with good Paternal Estates.

Good Education must our Youth improve,
And fit a man for Business and for Love.
Wealth may be lost, but never what we gain
By reading Books, and most by reading Men.
Thus we grow wise, and raise and use our Store;
While Fops and Squires, amidst their Wealth, are poor.

FINIS.